THE
English Princess:
OR
THE DEATH
OF
Richard the III.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is now Acted at His Highness the Duke of York's Theatre.

[By John Caryl]

Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Graca
Ausi deserere, & laudare domestica facta.
Horat. de Art. Poet.

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THE

English Princes;

OR

THE DEATH

OF

King Richard the III.

A

TRAGEDY.

Prologue.

You must to day your Appetite prepare
For a plain Engliſh Treat of homely Fare:
We neither Biſque *nor* Ollias *ſhall advance*
From Spaniſh Novel, or from French Romance;
Nor ſhall we charm your Ears or feaſt your Eyes
With Turkey works, or Indian Raritys:
But to plain Hollinſhead *and down right* Stow
We the courſe web of our Contrivance owe.
Since Laces, Ribbands, and ſuch Modiſh geer
Fetcht from abroad are now forbidden here.
Amongſt thoſe Forreign Toys (for ought we know)
Fine plots for plays may de included too.
Greece, *the firſt Miſtreſs of the Tragick Muſe,*
To grace her Stage, did her own Heroes chuſe;
Their pens adorn'd their Native Swords; and thus
What was not Grecian *paſt for Barbarous.*
On us our Country the ſame duty lays,
And Engliſh Wit ſhould Engliſh Valour raiſe.
Why ſhould our Land to any Land ſubmit
In choice of Heroes, or in height of wit?
This made him write, who never writ till now,
Only to ſhew what better pens ſhould do.
And for his pains he hopes he ſhall be thought
(Though a bad Poet) *a good Patriot.*

THE PERSONS.

King Richard *the Third.*
Queen Dowager of Edward *the Fourth.*
Princess Elizabeth *Daughter of* Edward *the Fourth.*
Earl of Richmond *Crown'd* Henry *the Seventh.*
Earl of Oxford.
Lord Stanly.
Lord Strange *his Son.*
Lord Chandew *of* Bretany.
Sir William Stanly.
Mrs. Stanly.
Charlot *Page to the Princess.*
Lord Lovel.
Sir William Catesby.
Sir Richard Ratclife.
Miles Forrest.
The Prior of Litchfield.
A Captain, a Lieutenant, Souldiers, Guards, and Attendants.

The Scenes are laid in the Head Quarters of King Richard *and the Earl of* Richmond, *when they are in sight of one another.*

THE English Princeſs, OR THE DEATH OF RICHARD the III. A TRAGEDY.

ACTUS I.

Enter King, *Lord* Lovel, *Sir* William Catesby, *Sir* Richard Ratclife, *with Guards and Attendants.*

King. THe World muſt now confeſs, that Monarchs are
Of him, who rules above, the chiefeſt care:
For *Richmond*, whom in vain ſo long I ſought,
Whom I with half my Realm had gladly bought,
Is (paſt retreat) brought home to my own door.
Heaven could not give me, nor I covet more!
Fond Boy! what madneſs with ſuch fatal ſpeed
Under my Juſtice haſtens thee to bleed?
I owe thy Frenzy to my kinder Stars,
Who thus conclude my dangers, and my wars.

L. Lovel. The Powers above are now ambitious grown
To bribe your Favour, and preſerve your Throne;

They give you *Richmond*; and in giving him
They from the power of chance your Crown redeem:
Should the world joyn this Kingdom to devour,
It would not weaken, but declare your power.

Catesby. Tumultuos, and Unarm'd their Forces are,
And fit to make a riot, not a war:
The Crown tempts *Richmond*, like a silly Fly,
Which dazled with the flame does in it dy.
As Justice here below, so Heaven does blind
Their eyes, whose execution is design'd.

King. I both his rashness and his weakness know;
But those, who now are weak, may stronger grow;
I therefore have such preparations made
As form an Army fitted to invade
Whole Kingdoms, then to quell a giddy Rout
Of half-starv'd Fugitives, newly thrust out
From Forreign Lands: Poor Worms! they shall not long
Attend thir Fate. Treason though ne're so young,
And weak, should not be dally'd with, but must,
When first it buds, and in the shell be crush't.

Ratclife. Great Sir, these Fugitives will soon afford
More bus'ness for your Heads-men, then your Sword:
But 'tis not now their number, nor their armes,
That they confide in; they have other charms,
Which draw into their Circle, and bewitch
All those, whom either discontent, or Itch
Of novelty makes apt to be undone;
The Lady *Elisabeth's* weak right they own
To ground their Treason on: they boldly frame
All Orders, Warrants, Summons in her Name.
And thus the easie *Welch* (a Nation soon
Stirr'd up, and then again as soon laid down)
Caught with this Quail-pipe to their Camp resort,
And with Provisions the lean Troops support.

Catesby. Young *Richmond* does himself her Champion own,
And brags, his bus'ness is to place the Crown
On that young Lady's head, at least to dy
In the attempt. *King.* O rare Knight-Errantry!

By theſe degrees he would himſelf preſer
Firſt to eſpouſe her Quarrel, and then Her.
But this bold Youth ſhall feel, that he is more
Out-match'd in Wit, and Policy, then Pow'r:
She ſhall be crown'd, and marry'd; but by thee,
Young Fool! nor crown'd, nor marry'd ſhall ſhe be;
For when ſhe wears a Crown, thoul't want a Head;
Thou in thy Grave, ſhe in her Marriage-Bed
At the ſame time ſhall lye. *Catesby.* Sir, will you give
Me leave to ask how your pretentions thrive,
And what impreſſion they have made upon
That Lady's heart? She cannot be all Stone,
And ſtill make anſwer with a ſullen No,
When ſo much Power, and Eloquence ſhall woo.
King. Something tow'rds Conqueſt in the Siege is done,
For in the Queen I have the out-works won;
But the main Fort is ſuch a ſtubborn Rock,
As does all Parlies, and all Stormings mock:
L. Lovel. The Mother gain'd is more then half the day;
A Daughter's duty muſt not diſobey,
And the two greateſt Powers at once withſtand
Both of a Mother, and a King's Command.
Catesby. This preſent juncture of affairs requires
A ſpeedy anſwer to your juſt deſires:
You muſt thoſe ſtrict Formalities lay by,
Which cuſtom pays to Vergin Modeſty;
For now the publick ſafety does perſwade
To court her like a Widow, not a Maid.
King. I know, how much depends on this diſpatch;
The Peace of Nations reſts upon our match:
I, and the Kingdom can no longer ſtay;
And if ſhe will not love, ſhe muſt obey. *Enter* Lord *Stanly.*

SCENA

SCENA II.

King, Lord *Stanly*, Lord *Lovel*, *Catesby*, *Ratclife*, and Lord *Strange*, &c.

Catesby. Sir, my Lord *Stanly* is arriv'd. *King*. My beſt
Of friends! O, let me lodge thee in my breaſt,
The Perſon of the World moſt coveted!
For my occaſions want thy Hand and Head,
Thy Counſil and thy Action. *L. Stanly*. Sir, to you
All, that I can, all, that I am, is due.
King. You now may ſhew it, *Stanly*, in defence
Of your beſt Friend; for *Richmond* with pretence
Of right as weak, as his ſtarv'd Forces are,
Invades the Land; whom nothing but deſpair,
Or hunger could have thruſt on this deſign,
Unleſs ſome Traitors here ſhould with him joyn.
L. *Stanly*. Poor Muſhrom! His ſhort date of Life is out,
Since all his hopes are in the fickle Rout;
Whoſe Favour is more various then the Winds,
Whoſe Fortunes are more deſp'rate, then their Minds.
But when your conqu'ring Army comes in ſight,
You'l find them fit for ſlaughter, not for fight.
Of this a ſignal proof now brought me hither;
For having notice there was drawn together
A numerous body of the Borderers
'Twixt *Cheſhire* and *North Wales*; urg'd by my fears,
Leſt, unſuppreſt, this little Flame
Grown wider might become too fierce to tame,
I ſtrait did haſten to their Rendezvous;
And, leſt I ſhould the fair advantage loſe,
I did not for your Royal Order wait:
And, Sir, the iſſue was proportionate
Both to my Zeal, and Juſtice of your cauſe:
For now our Swords have left them to your Laws.
King. My Lord, this ſervice to the full does ſhew
How much a King may to his Subject owe:

For *Richmond* theſe, and theſe had *Richmond* prop't,
Had not your Hand this budding Treaſon crop't.
And now, my Lord, I hope, your Forces are
Advancing hither; For I ill can ſpare
About my Perſon, and within my call
Such Troops as yours, and ſuch a General.
L. Stanly. You are my Sov'raign (Sir) a double way;
Your Wiſdom and your Power bear equal ſway:
But, Sir, I fear th' effect, if we ſhould joyn,
And all our Strength within one Camp confine.
You know the Power by the Invader brought
(Compar'd to yours) will ſcarce deſerve your thought,
Much leſs your Fear: He all his hopes does place
Upon the Riſings of the Populace,
And thinks, his Snow ball rowling to and fro,
Though ſlender yet, to Bulk and Weight may grow:
If this be true, judge how important then
Divided Bodies are of choſen Men,
Who by their ſeveral motions may prevent
Riſings, and Succours to the Rebels ſent.
King. So let it be: I muſt confeſs my Lord,
Your reaſons are convincing, as your Sword.
Honour's your Miſtreſs; and I clearly ſee,
You mean to rob me of the Victorie,
And make her wholly yours. *L. Stanly.* Sir, I deſign
The Glory to be yours, the Hazard mine.
King. Hazard, and Glory are ſo linkt together,
That without both I can pretend to neither.
But how does your indulgent Lady bear
This raſh Invaſion of her Son? I fear,
That Treaſon countenanc'd by Nature may
In a weak Mother's heart too ſtrongly ſway.
L. Stanly. The ſecrets of her Mind ſhe only knows;
I her, but not her Paſſions did eſpouſe.
King. I dread her, as a dang'rous Enemy,
Who in the arms of my beſt Friends does lye.
L. Stanly. Her thoughts are free, but by a truſty Guard
From all diſloyal Acts her Perſon's bar'd:

Nature her ſelf ſhall be divorc't from me,
When ſhe rebels againſt my Loyalty.
King. My Lord, your great Example may improve
All my beſt Subjects in their Faith, and Love.
And here you have a Son fit to inherit
All that is yours: So far his early Merit
Into my Favour is advanc'd, that I
Am not at eaſe without his Company;
He ſhall remain, though you are forc't from hence;
His ſtay muſt your departure recompence.
L. Strange. His meaning is, I muſt his Priſ'ner be:
apart. Love is the fouleſt Mask of Crueltie!
L. Stanly. I doubt, your Favours too much antedate
His Merit. *King.* Fear not. My Lord, 'tis late:
Whilſt you ſtay here, ſome of your time, I know,
You muſt on Buſ'neſs, and your Friends beſtow. *Exit*
L. Stanly and *Strange.*

SCENA III.

King. Unhappy fate of Monarchs! that we muſt
Often depend on thoſe we moſt diſtruſt.
But of this Loyal Rhet'rick (pray) how much
In your opinion will endure the touch?
Catesby. Sir, I believe 'tis in his Power to be
Your greateſt Friend, or your worſt Enemie:
The ſoftneſs of his words makes but that ſound
With which all hollow Boſoms moſt abound;
But his late Actions, I confeſs, have gain'd
My Faith to think his honeſty not feign'd:
The riſing Borderers by him ſuppreſt,
That he is ſound at heart give ample teſt.
King. Methinks, his great unwillingneſs to joyn
Forces together argues ſome deſign:
And yet I muſt confeſs his reaſons are
Of weight, and fitted to the Rules of War.
L. Lovel. Sir, my Lord *Strange* will for his Father be
A good collateral ſecurity;

He

He sets such value on his young Son's Head,
That he'll ne're pawn it to be forfeited.
King. I know this bus'ness has a smiling face;
But, *Lovel*, watchful prudence cannot trace
The subtle ways of a dissembling Heart:
I am well read in that mysterious Art,
And can discern where all my danger lyes:
Mines have destroy'd more Towns, than Batteries.
Enter Sir *William Stanly*.

SCENA IV.

Sir *William Stanly*. Sir the rash Foe all your desires fulfills.
The Native Fortresses of *Wales*, the Hills,
Which only could his certain Fate prolong,
He madly has forsaken; and the Throng
Have croſt the *Severn*. *King*. Happy news! at last
Our little *Cæsar Rubicon* has past.
Either he Acts the part of a mad Lover,
Or hopes, his Rashness may his Weakness cover.
Sir *Will. Stanly*. Let him come on, he, what he seeks shall have,
Since English ground best likes him for a Grave.
King. Sir *William Stanly* 'tis beneath your Fame
In War to fly at such ignoble Game:
These Vipers want their Teeth. But I must ask
Your powerful aid in a much harder task.
Sir *Will. Stanly*. Nothing is hard to me, when you command.
King. Confirm me in that hope. I understand,
You o're your Sister have no little power;
She waits upon the Saint whom I adore.
Procure her Mediation for my Love;
If she in the design succesfull prove,
You shall be less my Subject then my Friend;
My Gratitude shall all your Hopes transcend.
Sir *William Stanly*. Reward did never yet my duty move;
And I am no good Advocate for Love.
But, Sir, my prompt Obedience shall fulfil
All your Commands, and help my want of skill.

King. That Love, from her which you abtain for me;
With double Int'reſt ſhall rewarded be.

[*Exit King, Lovel, Catesby, Ratclife.*

Sir *Wil. Stanly* When Nature form'd this Monſter, ſhe deſign'd
ſolus. No leſs then the deſtruction of Mankind.
His Enemies but poorly ſatisfie
The Hunger of his Rage, which ſeeks ſupply
E'en from his neareſt Blood, and his own Bed:
His Wife was poyſon'd, and his Nephews bled
To feed the Wolf. His Friends are kept alive,
As *Indians* cramm'd for Sacrifice ſurvive.
And now this Monſter both in Crimes & ſhape,
On faireſt Innocence deſigns a Rape.

Enter the Princeſs croſſing the Stage from her own lodgings to the Queen's Appartment: In paſsing by Sir Will. Stanly *ſpeaks to his Siſter waitting upon the Princeſs.*

Siſter, a word. *Mrs. Stanly.* I inſtantly will come.

Mrs. Stanly *leaves the Princeſs in the Queens Appartment, and returns to her Brother.*

SCENA V.

[this Room

Mrs. *Stan.* Now, Brother, what's your will? Sir *W. Stan.* I hope,
Is private, and ſecure. Mrs. *Stanly* You need not fear
An ambuſh; no cloſe Spies can harbour here.
But whence this Cautiou? Sir *Will. Stanly.* Wonder not; I bring
A ſtrict Commiſſion for you from the King.
You muſt his Miſtreſs gain; then happy we!
I ſhall a Prince, and you a Princeſs be.
Mrs. *Stanly.* 'Tis the great Art of Kings for their Intents
To make right choice of proper Inſtruments;
But ours has groſly fail'd in his own Trade.
Pray, bid him chuſe again. Sir *Will. Stanly.* You can perſwade
The Princeſs. *Mrs Stanly.* No: I love him not ſo well,
Mor her ſo little. *Sir Will. Stanly:* But have Gifts no Spell
To charm your Heart, and dazel your young Eyes?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Stanly.* Him, and his Gifts I equally deſpiſe.
Sir *Will. Stanly.* You ſerve your Miſtreſs, making her a Queen.
Mrs. *Stanly.* Brother, yow know her not: But, had you been
In preſence at her ſecret Vows to day,
You would not dare to think what now you ſay.
Her Honour, and Revenge ſhe values ſo,
That ſhe for them will Crown and Life forgo.
Sir *Will. Stanly.* You have her favovr, and at leaſt may try
If ſhe will yield a little and comply.
Mrs. *Stanly.* Such is her Horrour of him, that no Age
Did ſo much Beauty ſee with ſo much Rage.
This undertaking would too dearly coſt,
For next the Tyrant, ſhe would hate me moſt.
Sir *Will. Stanly.* Siſter, with equal Joy great proofs I find
Both of your faithful, and her generous Mind.
And now ſuppoſe, that I a Champion ſhow,
Who will, and can deſtroy her powerful Foe;
May this bold undertaker hope to prove,
As in her cauſe, ſuccesful in her Love?
Mrs. *Stanly* In common Juſtice ſhe can do no leſs;
Then love the Authour of ſuch happineſs,
Sir *Will. Stanly.* Will ſhe that powerful Paſſion for him own;
Which mingles Souls, and makes two Lovers one?
So high a work ſhould be as highly paid;
Who kills the Dragon muſt enjoy the Maid.
Mrs. *Stanly.* Now you come on too faſt: For he muſt wear
Of Royalty the ſacred Character;
Who without Sacriledge attempts to be
At ſuch a holy ſhrine Love's Votarie.
Sir *Will. Stanly.* Siſter, you talk in a Romantick ſtrain;
Pray, ſpare your Metophors and be more plain.
Mrs. *Stanly.* Brother, the Queen, and Princeſs! [*Enter the*
Sir *Will. Stanly.* Let us go, *Queen, and the Princeſs.*]
For I have much to ſay, and you to do.
Princeſs. Madam, your pardon and your leave I pray
To ſpeak one word with her. *Queen.* Daughter, you may.
The Princeſs talks in private with Mrs. Stanly, *and the Queen advanceth forwards upon the Stage.*

Queen.

Queen. To what extreames am I reduc'd by fate?
I give to him, whom mortally I hate,
Her, whom my heart loves most! It must be so:
To save a child, I must oblige a Foe!
The unconcern'd may the World's Censure weigh;
I Nature, and Necessity obey.
Let Honour's Laws be scan'd by Rules of Art;
None, but poor Mothers know a Mothers Heart!

The Princess comes forwards to the Queen.

Exeunt Sir *William Stanly* and *Mistress Stanly.*

SCENA VI.

Queen. Well may our Patience, Daughter, be admir'd,
Which ha's the Tyrant and Heaven's Anger tir'd.
For in the King you now a Lover meet,
Who lays himself, and Scepter at your feet.
My Heart with swelling Joy is larger grown,
To think my Blood shall repossess the Throne;
To see our wither'd Hopes spring forth anew,
Whilst all our Ruines are repair'd in you.

Prin. Madam, your Joy more then my own I prize,
When from a lawful cause your Joy does rise:
But, Madam, yet I cannot find our Fate
Of the old Rigour does the least abate.
Till Heaven's slow Justice shall ordain a way
With his own Blood to make this Tyrant pay
What he so barb'rously ha's spilt of ours,
In wonted Sorrows we must spend our Hours:
Of the least joy should we be guilty found,
We both our Honour, and our Duty wouud.

Queen. Long have we mourn'd the Dead, yet all our grief
To them, or to our selves brings no Relief:
To their cold Ashes 'twere a fond respect,
The safety of the Living to neglect.

Prin. If that safe way to Infamy shall lead,
I rather chuse the Paths of Death to tread.

Queen. The name of Infamy can it deserve,

To follow Nature, and our ſelves preſerve?
Prin. Nature abhors, that you ſhould call him Son,
Who ha's your Chidren robb'd of Life, and Throne.
Queen. Do not thoſe wounds of Fate to mind recall;
Becauſe we much have loſt, muſt we loſe all?
If we have ſuffer'd Shipwreck, and our beſt
Veſſels are ſunk, ſhall we not ſave the reſt?
Prin. Alas! are the reſt ſav'd, when you commit
Them to that Tempeſt, which the others ſplit?
Queen. Repentance turns that Tempeſt to a Calm:
Prin. That Calm may ſoon relapſe, & grow the ſame
Tempeſt again, ſwelling the Purple Flood
Both with the Brother's, and the Siſter's Blood:
A Calm and Tempeſt mingle in this Wooer,
The Calm betrays, the Tempeſt does devour.
Queen. Truſt to a Mother's Judgment. The ſure teſt
Of Princes meanings is their Intereſt.
The very Cauſe, which mov'd his Crueltie
Againſt my Sons, inclines him now to be
As kind to you: his Paſſion muſt be true;
In courting you he courts his Safety too.
Prin Shall then the Butcher of our Familie
By me, and by my love protected be?
Two Parricides did his foul hands imbrue,
When he his Soveraign in his Nephew ſlew.
Shall I be Inſtrumental to make good
His Power cemented by my Brothers Blood?
No Madam: If it be my Fate to prove
The object of his Cruelty, or Love,
It ſhall not be my choice to have a Room
In his loath'd Bed, but in my Brother's Tomb.
Queen. 'Tis true, a Siſter's Love in ſome degree
May theſe tranſports of Paſſion juſtifie;
Yet in a Siſter's Love you ſhould not ſmother
The duty, which you owe a tender Mother.
My Sorrows, as my loſſes, are not leſs
Then yours, though I their angry noiſe ſuppreſs;
And though I ſuffer not with blind Deſpair

A Mother's Grief to drown a Mother's care.
Daughter, ſubmit: When I preſcribe the way
Of ſafety, you in Duty muſt obey.

Prin. The way preſcrib'd does not to ſafety carry;
This Tyrant's Bed makes a bad Sanctuary.

Queen. Were you a private Perſon, did you ſtand
Secure out of the reach of his Command,
I ſhould agree with you; But 'tis your Fate,
His Love to ſuffer, or to feel his Hate:
No middle way can theſe Extreams avoid,
By him you muſt be marry'd, or deſtroy'd.

Prin. Joyn'd with my Brothers in their ſilent Grave,
Loſing my Life, I ſhall my Honour ſave.

Queen. When you abandon Reaſon's ſteddy ground,
Honour is nothing, but an empty ſound,
'Tis a falſe light, at which fools gazing ſtand,
Till they themſelves on their own ſhallows ſtrand.

[*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Madam, the King does in your Lodgings wait.

Queen. Tell him I come. Before it be too late, [*Exit Servant.*
Preſerve your ſelf, and me; live, and obey:
Throw not your Life, Heavens chiefeſt gift, away.

[*Exit Queen.*

Prin. A Mother, and a Tyrant joyn to force
My plighted heart to an unjuſt Divorce:
But, *Richmond!* the Temptation of a Crown
Shall not divert me, nor a Tyrants frown:
I'le follow thee, whom powerful Heaven does lead
To ſave the living, and revenge the Dead.

[*Exit Princeſs.*

ACTUS

ACTUS II.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Sir William Stanly and *Mrs. Stanly.*

Mrs. *Stanly.* Run not so fast: you tread on slippery Ice,
And on both sides lies a vast Precipice.
Sis *William Stanly.* My stars have led me on to hazard all;
And rather then turn back again, I'le fall.
Mrs. Stanly. The Rash will perish, and they fall unmourn'd;
And losing Life, their memory is scorn'd.
Attempts upon the King must fatal prove;
Much more your aims at the great Princess Love.
Against so Potent Foes what can you do,
The King, great *Richmond*, and the Princess too?
Sir Will. Stanly. Those Rivals shortly may themselves destroy,
And then why may not I the Prize enjoy?
When on their Ruines I shall raised be,
It will be level ground 'twixt her and me.
Mrs. Stanly. Do not your thoughts on these Chimeras spend;
Impossible both in thir means and end.
Could you as speedily in fact subdue
All these great Powers, as now in thought you do,
Yet you might sooner scale high Heaven, then again
That Love, which wild ambition would obtain.
Sir William Stanly If to my courage she her lost Crown owe,
I may patake the Gift which I bestow.
Our Souls have equal Fineness: you mistake,
Thinking our drossie Parts the Difference make.
Mrs. Stanly. Have you the Tyrant's strength? who are alone
In Passion strong, which we our Weakness own.
Consult your Reason: 'Tis a dangerous thing,
Poor Subject! to be Rival to thy King.
Sir *Will. Stanly.* To Cowards talk of Danger: Love and Fear
In the same Heart Joint-Tenants never were.

Mrs. Stanly. Dear Brother, these sick Fancies, pray, remove:
Know this last secret; She does *Richmond* love.

Sir *Will. Stanly.* Too late you tell me this, when in one Flood
The Poyson runs about me with my Blood.

Mrs. Stanly. Love and all madness, Brother, ever raign
Much less about the Heart then in the Brain.
Lovers may blame their Stars, or *Cupid's* Bow;
Here dwells the Heat, whence their Distempers grow. [*Points to*
Those, who are most possest with this Disease, *her head.*]
By Sleep, and cooling med'cines found their ease.

Sir *Will. Stanly.* This sharpness, Sister, ought to be forborn;
My Sufferings ask your Pity, not your Scorn.

[*Enter the Princess* and *Charlot.*

Mrs. Stanly. Here comes the Princess. Brother, pray, retire:
I wish, my Tears could quench your Raging Fire.

[*Exit* Sir *William Stanly.*

SCENA II.

Princess, Mrs. Stanly, Charlot.

Charlot. Madam, yield not to these transports of Grief,
Until the cause proves worthy your Belief:
My Judgment thinks him true. *Princess* Thou art a Fool,
And of thine own plain Heart dost make a Rule
To measure others by: That sudden Joy,
Spred through the Court, too clearly does destroy
All promis'd Hopes from this perfidious Lord.

Char. My tender years small Judgment can afford:
But grant, this Lord were true, yet he must use
These Arts, and the misjudging world abuse.
His Loyal Purposes would not succeed,
Unless in this dark Method he proceed.

Mrs. Stanly. The Tyrant to that Height of Power is grown,
That open Forces can never pull him down;
He's to be conquer'd only by Surprise:
Those Arts must work his Fall, which made him rise.
Who this wild Bore adventures to destroy,

Must

Must Toiles and Weapons both at once imploy.
Prin. With raging Forces to destroy our Friends,
Is a strange method to effect our ends.
Mrs. Stanly. Dark minds we must in Darkness overthrow;
To blind the King we must be blinded too.
Char. A Publick Errour must our Work secure;
Madam, with Patience then you may endure
Unpromising, and false Appearances,
Which must be had to gain a good Success.
Prin. Thy pretty Logick ha's a charming sound,
But the foundation wants a steady ground.
Can *Stanly* be for *Richmond*, and invade
The Friendly Succours rising to his aid?
The mystery I dread: This treach'rous Lord
Revolts from Honour, and has broke his Word:
Private Concern within his narrow Soul
Does all the Care of Publick good controul;
And his unworthy Fear for his yonug Son
(The Court's great Pledge) our bus'ness has undone.
Mrs. Stan. Ah, Madam, do not make this cruel haste!
With antedated grief your Heart you waste.
He is my Brother, and my Blood I'm sure;
'Gainst you no Taint of Treason will endure.
Prin All hopes are past; and we must ruin'd be,
Since the whole World takes part with Tyrannie.
Poor *Richmond* hastens to his Fatal end,
Lost by his Courage, and a Treacherous Friend. [*Enter L. Stanly.*
Mrs. Stanly. Behold my Brother! It is he, that must
Make your Grief causless, and your Fears unjust.

SCEN. III.

L. Stanly. Madam, I hope, you'l pardon my delay,
In waiting on you this preposterous way;
Paying my first Debt last: which your Concern
Only can justifie. *Princess.* By what I learn
From the World's Voice, I rather disallow
Your hasty boldness to approach me now.

L. Stanly. Humble Petitioners without Offence
(Though led by their own Wants) approch their Prince:
I whom your Service brings, may with less blame,
And better Title the like Freedome claim.
Prin. Place not on my Account what you have done:
I, and the Tyrant are not yet all one.
L. Stanly. You seem all one (pray, pardon what I say)
When with Reproach my Services you pay.
Prin. If other Payment you expect, pray go
To him, for whom these Services you do.
L. Stanly. I never let to hire my Honesty;
I neither paid, nor yet reproch't would be.
Prin. Are you so touch't in Honour, my good Lord,
Who so apparently have broke your Word?
L. Stanly. May I endure yours and your Vassals scorn;
When I infringe that Faith which I have sworn.
Princess. These purging Imprecations let alone,
You have the Tyrant's thanks for what is done.
L. Stanly. I have deceiv'd the Tyrant and you too;
And I am thankt by him, reprocht by you:
Yet this deceit of mine may him dethrone,
And, Madam, render you your Fathers Crown.
Thus blind all Censures are, until we know
Those hidden Roots whence outward Actions grow.
Princess. Pray, end these Mysteries: Who did oppose
Those Loyal Borderers, that lately rose
Against the King? All aids you did prevent
By that unseasonable discouragement.
L. Stanly. I did suppress them, Madam: But 'twas I,
That rais'd them too. *Princess.* I cannot yet descry
At what you aim. *L. Stanly.* Pray know, that by my own
Confed'rates all that rising was begun;
Which I contriv'd only to be suppress:
This Art I us'd, that in the Jealous breast
Of our suspicious Tyrant I might gain
Such Trust, as will our purposes obtain.
And, that you may reserve no Jealous thought,
Here my Credential Letters I have brought,

He delivers a Letter to the Princess, who reads it out. Ma-

Madam, The time draws neer, in which I ſhall either reſtore you to the Inheritance of your Fathers Crown, or dye a Martyr in your cauſe. My Devotion to your Perſon, and the Juſtice of your Claim, raiſe my hopes into an Aſſurance of Succeſs. In the mean time by the hand of my Lord Stanly *your conceal'd and faithful Servant, be pleaſed to accept this earneſt of his Conſtancy, who is, Madam, Your moſt devoted Servant.*

Richmond.

Princeſs My Lord, I know the hand; and what to you
I did impute, that Blame becomes my due.
Errours of Paſſion, not of Will, may find
An eaſie Pardon in a generous Mind.

L. Stanly. Madam, your goodneſs now confounds me more
Then your unkind reproaches did before;
But your concernments now require my haſt,
And make the price of Time too great to waſte.
Yet, ere I part, I muſt with Joy relate
Of our improving Cauſe the proſp'rous ſtate;
For your great Chief advances with a Power
Reſolv'd and Numerous, growing every hour;
Which ſtill receives by a ſupply'd acceſs
Of the Heroick *Welch* a fair increaſe.
And, Madam, from this Camp you ſoon will ſee
His Flying Colours brave the Enemie.

Princeſs. His haſty Succours may advance too late.

L. Stan. Too late? how can that be? *Prin.* The Tyrant's hate
By a moſt Fatal *Metamorphoſis*
Does in Love's Image his ill ſhape diſguiſe;
Of which I dread the diſmal conſequence.

L. Stanly. The thoughts of his own Danger and Defence
Will ſoon allay the crafty Lover's Heasr.

Princeſs. Whilſt I am in his Power, no Fatal threats,
That aim at him, can make my ſafety better;
For when his danger's great, mine muſt be greater.
His bloody Temper urg'd by Jealouſie
Will all his former cruelties out-vie.

L. Stanly. Madam, can Heaven for ſuch a Tyrant's ſake
Pervert their Juſtice, and you Guilty make?
But is it true, that now the Queen does prove

A mediatour for the Tyrant's Love?

Princeſs. It is too true: A mothers tender heart
Does for my ſafety take the Tyrant's part.

L. Stanly. Ha's ſhe forgot, what Guardian he has been
To her two Sons? Ha's ſhe not lately ſeen
What Husband to his Wife he prov'd? and can
A Mother give a Daughter to this man?

Princeſs. My Lord, ſhe is my Mother; pray, forbear.

L. Stanly. I muſt not ſpeak what you are loth to hear.

Princeſs. I fear, my Lord, that our great buſineſs may
Suffer ſome damage by your longer ſtay;
And yet one minute more you muſt attend,
Whilſt I an anſwer to this Letter ſend.

L. Stanly. Your ſight with no mean Joy my heart does bleſs.

Mrs. Stanly. Brother, your kindneſs makes my happineſs.

Exeunt Princeſs and Mrs. Stanly.

SCEN. IV.

Lord Stanly, Charlot.

L. Stanly. Sir, by the noble *Richmond*s ſtrict commands
I am to leave this Letter in your hands.
You are intirely happy in his grace;
I find you there poſſeſs an envyed place.

Charlot. I may preſume, that for ſo poor a thing
As *Charlot*, Envy cannot find a ſting.

L. *Stanly.* Your Perſon, I confeſs, ſhould alwaies prove
The ſubject not of envy, but of love:
Nature does court you; and her Favourite
Is for a Prince his kindneſs ever fit.

Charlot. My Lord, you quite miſtake me; I was worſe
Then nothing, till my Eſſence from that Source
Of goodneſs was deriv'd: From him I own
Being, and Happineſs. So the kind Sun
Smiles on a Clod of Earth after a ſhowre,
And then preferrs that Dirt into a Flower.

L. Stanly. Your Perſon, and your Gratitude both ſhew

Your

Your Patron juſt, when he is kind to you:
I find, the Royal Princeſs too does ſeem
To give you the ſame place in her eſteem.
Charlot. She does her gracious countenance afford
To a ſlight Toy ſent to her from my Lord.
L. Stanly. But in this jealous Court what Induſtry
Has thus preſerv'd you from each watchful ſpy?
Charlot. Their buſ'neſs is above, I keep below:
Beſides *French* Pages are the Faſhion now:
But pray, my noble Lord, what numbers joyn
Of *French* Noble's to favour your Deſign?
L. Stanly. I durſt not pulick in their Camp appear,
But of a *Breton* Lord much Fame I hear; [Charlot
He's *Chandew* call'd. What's this? ſomthing I find *ſtarts.*]
By your chang'd face has diſcompos'd your mind.
Charlot. My Lord, I hope you will not think it ſtrange,
That in my troubled breaſt you ſee this change:
Imryeſſions, ſuch as theſe, are often wrought,
When abſent Friends and Country fill our thought.
Such fits will quickly vaniſh. But, I fear,
That our attendance we too long forbear.
L. Stanly. *Charlot*, 'tis well advis'd: Pray, ſhew the way.
Exeunt *L. Stanly and Clarlot.*
Enter again Charlot *reading the Letter.*
My Charlot, *I beg the continuance of thy kindneſs, in being the faithful Interpreter and Promoter of my paſſion to our adored Princeſs* —— —— —— Charlot *ſhuts the Letter ſuddenly.*

Charlot. Dear Paper! I to thee this Homage pay: [*kiſſes the*
Though I in thy contents already find *Letter*]
A Warrant for my execution ſign'd;
Which I muſt ſerve upon my ſelf, and be
The inſtrument of my own Deſtinie.
Though I am thus condemn'd, yet I not grudge
To kiſs the Sentence, and adore th Judge.
I only pray, my Puniſhmeut may be
Kept ſecret, and exempt from infamie.
Alas! my hopes are vain; for how can I

Conceal

Conceal a Daughter from a Fathers eye?
My Fault's too great for Pardon, I allow;
Yet I as great a Penance undergo:
Since I assist my Rival to possess
That, which possest, destroys my Happiness:
Grant, Heaven! at least, that I may part from hence
As clear in Honour, as in Innocence. [*Exit Charlot.*

SCENA. V.

Enter King, Queen, L. Strange, and *Attendants.*

King. Well, Madam; will she yield? *Queen.* I did not spare
My labour to reduce her, nor my care.
Patience must this to happy issue bring.
King. Patience is not the Virtue of a King.
It will concern you, and your Daughter too,
Not to become too tedious. *Queen.* Sir, you woo
In a strange Language. *King.* I must change my course.
Queen. Nothing does less consist with Love, then Force.
King. Call *Stanly*, and his Sister. The Idle may
In lingring Courtship trifle out the Day:
Slow Treaties will to stormings him oblige,
Who leisure wants to take the Fort by Siege.
Princess. In exigents of State, or Rage of War,
Sudden dispatch, and Force conducing are;
But, Sir, in love concernments they destroy
The chiefest Blessing, that you would enjoy.
King. Madam, these tedious forms destructive grow;
The safety of my Crown they overthrow.
Like a bold Suitour *Richmond* marches on,
And by pretending Love to Strength is grown:
When Kingdoms such Convulsion-fits endure,
We must not complement about the Cure. [*Enter Sir Will. Stanly.*
Stanly, have you perform'd what I enjoyn'd?
Sir Will. Stanly. I have obey'd you, Sir. *King.* But do you find
Good Symptoms of Succes? *Mrs. Stanly.* What shall I say? [*apart.*
Sir W. Stanly. Sir, I have done my part. *King.* Then I must say,
Madam,

Madam, the blame on you, If my design [*To Mrs. Stanly.*
Miscarry. *Mrs. Stanly.* Sir, unless the Fault be mine,
Your Justice will not punish me with blame.
King. I do not like this Prologue. Does my Flame
Yet warm her Breast? *Mrs. Stanly.* Sir, she condems your haste:
And says, her time of mourning is not past
For her two Brothers; and she thinks, that you
(Your Queen scarce cold) should be a mourner too:
Then she concludes it would great Scandal move,
If two so deep in Sorrow should make Love.
King. She thinks, it is too soon for me to woo;
But does she think it so for *Richmond* too?
Madam, you know her Bosom; pray, be free:
Is she not warm to him and cold to me?
Mrs. Stanly. Sir, you mistake the Temper of her Heart;
Where grief holds all, Love can pretend no part.
King. If she be free from Love, her Duty may
With less reluctancy her King obey.
I wish, I had more cause ro thank your care
In my concerns. Madam, your Brothers are
My greatest Friends: methinks, you should inherit
With their high Blood some of their loyal merit:
Madam, be kind; and let me not despair,
That Heaven ha's made you good as well as fair.
Madam, I will attend your Daughter straight, [*To the Queen.*
To learn of her mine and the Kingdoms Fate. [*Exit King.*
L. Strange. Uncle farewell: would I might stay with you.
Sir W. Stan. You must obey your King and Father too. [*Exit Strange.*

SCENA VI.

Queen, Sir Will. Stanly, *Mrs.* Stanly.

Queen. Did you not mark, how his contracted brow
Did curle like Waves, which to a Tempest grow?
Sir W. Stan. Madam, this gath'ring Storm (if not withstood)
Will end in a Prodigious Rain of Blood.
Queen. Too well I know the Ills these Signs presage;

This Storm on me, and mine will shortly rage.
How often, cruel man! must I be slain
In every Child, and yet not end my Pain?
Ere thou didst tear away each tender shoot;
Would thou hadst laid thy Hatchet to the Root!

Sir *Will. Stanly.* Madam, he wants the Bowels of a Man,
Who sees your Grief, and does not all he can
In your Redress: When you my Sword command,
'Twixt him and yours I will a Bulwork stand.

Queen. Sir, were your offer more then complement,
I should such kindness to its worth resent:
But by his favours you are prepossest,
And wear the Tyrant's Chains, though not oppress.

Sir *Will. Stanly.* Those seeming favours which he does impart,
Are no true marks of Kindness, but of Art.
When he propicious to my Vows appears,
He does but sacrifice to his own Fears.

Queen. Alas! I am not worth a new design
Of farther ruine: You need not combine
By subtile ways to draw me to my woe;
I am past falling now, I lye so low.

Sir *Will. Stanly.* Let all in Heaven and Earth, who sacred be,
The great and good, be Witnesses for me,
That I to you and yours will loyal prove.

Queen. Such ardent Zeal, and such a sudden Love
From him who seem'd a Foe, must well be scan'd,
Ere they by Force of Words my Faith command.

Mrs. Stanly. I know my brother's Int'rest, and his Heart:
His Passion wears no false disguise of Art.

Queen. If his deep Vows, and those confirm'd by you,
Should move my willing heart to think them true;
What means has he from threatning Storms to free
The small remainder of my Familie?

Sir William Stanly. None can be sav'd unless they first believe:
Madam, the great deceiver I'le deceive.
You cannot see the depths of my design,
But you shall hear it when I spring the Mine.

Queen. These mighty Promises advanc'd by you

Ask time for thanks, and for acceptance too. [*Exit Queen.*

SCENA VII.

Sir William Stanly, Mrs. Stanly.

Mrs. Stanly. Brother, what's your Design? I fear, you move
In these Attempts provok't by your rash Love.
Sir W. Stanly. Though Love be the great Cause, yet I should do
The same by Honour mov'd and Justice too.
Mrs. Stanly. To save true Princes from a Tyrant's doom
Is that which may a *Stanly* well become:
But with unlawful Passion to invade
What mutual Vows and Heaven have sacred made,
Will all the Glory of your Life deface,
And tarnish all the Lustre of our Race.
Do you not see the great Design of Fate,
That peacefully would quench the fierce Debate,
In which this harrass'd Land too long ha's bled,
By planting these two Roses in one Bed?
Sir Will. Stanly. The truth of what you say I know too well;
But Love against my Reason does rebel.
The Enterprise less difficult will prove
To vanquish *Richard*, then to conquer Love.
Mrs. Stanly. Such hopeless Love no longer entertain;
The Saint, whom you adore, you but prophane:
It will both mortal, and unglorious be,
To touch the Fruit of this Forbidden Tree.
Sir Will. Stanly. Though between me, and my Pretentions, lyes
A Chaos void of Possibilities,
Yet I must on: Those things I mean to do,
Shall make you say, I did not rashly woo.
If Love's Religion Merit will allow,
He may find Grace, who ha's perform'd his Vow. [*Exunt.*

ACTUS ATERTIUS.

SCEN. I.

Enter King, Princess, L. Strange, Guards, and *Attendents.*

L. Strange The Tyrant now will our poor Princess bait
apart.] With Kindness far more Cruel, then his Hate.
King. Madam, be pleas'd to let your Guards withdraw.
Prin. My Guards? And must their Prisoner give them Law?
King. Madam, your are their Queen. Both these and I,
And with us all the Nation prostrate lye,
Begging the Honour of your Government.
Prin. What you in pleasant Rallery present,
Your serious Conscience knows is all my due;
This with the rest I must endure from you:
And to the will of Heaven I can resign
What you have ravish'd both from me, and mine:
But though you tye my Person, as your Slave,
Yet let my Thoughts the common Freedom have;
The Thoughts of Pris'ners cannot be confin'd:
No fetter'd Slave can love against his mind.
King. Though I confess, that for the Publick Good
And safety of the Realm I have drawn blood
(Heaven knows!) against my will, yet, Madam, you
Are grown the greater Tyrant of us two.
The Realm's inflam'd, and wounded, you may quench
This Inflammation, and the Bleeding stench.
Thouh I am much unworthy of your Love;
Yet *England's* Safety should your Pity move.
Madam, your love vouchsaf'd to me ha's Charms,
Which can dissolve all Enmities, and Arms:
All our Divisions close; the War is done,
When Right and Power consent to joyn in one.
Prin. Sir, could your cruel Rhet'rick rudely chuse

No

No ſubject but Compaſſion to abuſe?
Is Pity that which you pretend to teach?
O Sir! that you had practis'd what you preach!
Then had you not the Royal Plants cut down,
To clear your Paſſage to the ſacred Crown.
The Blood you ſpilt provokes Heaven's ſtriking Flame,
Whoſe long Forbearance takes but ſurer aim.
King. Madam, I need not fear a Puniſhment
Out of the clouds: Heaven ſpares the Innocent:
The Thunder, which I dread, does only lye
In your contracted Brow, or angry Eye.
Repeal that Cenſure, which misjudging Grief
Lays on the Guiltleſs, and gives ſmall Relief
To your great Loſſes, making thoſe my Crimes,
Which were effects of the diſtracted times.
I mourn'd as much as you, the haſty Fate
Of that lamented Pair, whoſe lives ſhort Date
I rather would have lengthen'd with my own,
To be their Subject, then to wear their Crown.
Prin. You robb'd me of my Blood, and Regal Due;
Would you deprive me of my Senſes too?
My Reaſon is reverſt! with me, alas!
Richard the third for a mild Prince muſt paſs!
King. Did you believe we Cruel at that rate,
Which you pretend, you would not tempt your Fate
By provocations able to engage
Patience it ſelf into a bloody Rage.
But, Madam, you are ſafe; I ſhall endure
All your Diſtempers, and attend their Cure:
Your Int'reſt muſt at laſt your Paſſion ſway.
Prin. My Int'reſt ſhall my Honour ſtill obey;
Which abhors him, who does uſurp my Crown
King. Madam, by Title juſtly 'tis your own:
Take it, and wear it. When I put it on,
I ſav'd the Crown for you, you for the Crown.
Prin. I fear, your words contain leſs Truth, then Art;
For ſeldom ha's your Tongue expreſt your Heart.
King. My Tongue ſpeaks truth; I only beg the grace

To be your Subject in the foremoſt place;
That is, yous Husband. *Princeſs.* I expected this;
In theſe fair Flowers to hear the Serpent hiſs.
King. When common Perſons marry, Paſſion may
Direct their Choice, whilſt Fancy bears the ſway;
But with great Princes the wiſe Rules of State
Muſt be as binding, as the Laws of Fate:
Their Inclinations by thoſe Rules muſt move;
The Publick Good's the center of their Love.
Prin. For Publick Good, what you uſurp, reſign:
Make me not yours by Force, but give me Mine.
King. You ſay too much: I ſee, you'l rather prove
The Subject of my Juſtice, then my Love.
Th' Invader *Richmond* is your lov'd Gallant,
Whoſe Treaſon does not your allowance want.
Prepare for marriage, or a Funeral;
To be my Wife, or not to be at all.
Madam, you ſhall be crown'd: Chuſe and be wiſe;
Either for Empire, or for Sacrifice.
Prin. Spoke like your ſelf: I knew the maſk of Lover
Would ſoon drop off, which did the Tyrant cover. [*Exit Prin.*
King. Through Rocks of Oppoſition this alone [*Pointing to his ſword.*]
Ha's dew'd my Paſſage to the craggy Throne:
Theſe hands (the ſharpeſt Scythe of time) mow'd down
All that grew up between me and the Crown.
I did my Greatneſs to a Height advance
Above the Stormy Region of wild Chance:
And ſhall frail Woman, Natures ſlighteſt thing,
Ou'-brave the Power of Death, and ſuch a King?
I am but able to deſtroy, and kill;
She can do more, for ſhe enjoyes her Will.
Contempt of Life does all Pow'r overthrow;
'Tis Fear makes Gods above, and Kings below. [*Enter the Queen.*

SCENA II.

Queen. Can it be true, Sir, that your Fatal breath
Has cruelly pronounc'd my Daughters Death?

Can

Can you ſo ſuddenly degenerate
From Love's ſoft Paſſion to a mortal Hate?
King. Madam, more then my Life I ſtill love Her;
But I the Kingdom's weal to both prefer.
Complain not of the Hardſhip you endure,
Since your own hands contain a preſent Cure.
Queen. When Love his meſſage to a Virgin brings;
Slow Patience lends him Feet, and clips his Wings.
King. With Patience, like Love's Martyr, I have born
Not only her Denials, but her Scorn:
It is not Modeſty which makes her Cold;
Her Heart inſtead of Love does malice hold:
A guilty Paſſion ſhe does clearly ſhow
To him, who is her King's, and Country's Foe.
Queen. If ſhe ſtood ſo inclin'd, dow can you doubt,
But that a Mother's Eye would find it out?
King. Whether that ignorance, which now you ſhow,
Be Real, or Affected, you beſt know;
To me her words and Actions both declare
Which way her Inclinations byaſs'd are.
The Traytour *Richmond* holds ſo large a Part
Within her Boſom, as excludes my Heart;
But in few hours I will Poſſeſſion get,
And drive him thence, or elſe deſtroy the Seat.
Queen. O Sir! paſs not a Judgment ſo ſevere,
Till the ſuggeſted Crime does more appear.
If ſhe refuſe the Courtſhip of a Crown,
She cannot ſtoop a meaner Flame to own;
And quit the Glory of a Queen, to live
The obſcure Wife of a poor Fugitive.
King. But this ſtarv'd Snake warm'd by her ſpecial Grace;
Invades the Land, and riſes in my Face.
Madam, your Daughter's Choice will quickly ſhow,
Whether his Crimes belong to her and you.
To morrow's Sun ſhall light her to my Throne,
Or on her Treaſon ſee due Juſtice done.
Queen. Be not ſo haſty to pronounce her Fate;
Can her not loving be a Crime of ſtate?

King. Madam, we loſe but time whilſt you apply
To the improper place your Remedy:
For the malignant part of this Diſeaſe
Lyes only in your Daughter's Stubbornneſs:
Cure that, and ſhe no longer will be ſeen
Her King's juſt Priſ'ner, but the Nations Queen. [*Exit King.*
Queen. Which ſhall I call the Cruel, or the Mild,
This bloody Tyrant, or my Stubborn Child?
Both are alike reſolv'd, and act their Part
To break, and tear a tender Mothers Heart.
She no Concern for Life does ſeem to own,
But Death accepts more gladly, then the Crown.
I find the Charm, which does this Spirit raiſe;
Richmond as Soveraign in her Boſom ſways.
[*Enter Sir Will. Stanly.*

SCEN. III.

Queen, Sir *William Stanly.*

Sir *W. Stanly.* Madam, I come my Deſtiny to learn;
Which wholly now depends on your Concern.
The Danger of the Princeſs draws too near;
The Tyrant does all marks of Fury wear.
Will you accept my Service? *Queen.* Sir, I muſt
Confeſs, your faithful zeal deſerves my truſt.
Now I believe you are ordain'd to be
The great Preſerver of my Familie.
Sir *W. Stanly.* Madam, your fair Eſteem I will make good,
And ſeal my Promiſe with my deareſt Blood.
But now that we may take a ſpeedy Courſe
By ſecret Practice, or by open Force
To diſappoint the Tyrant, and purſue
The Buſ'neſs of your Safety, I muſt ſue
For my Admiſſion to the Princeſs Ear.
Some needful Orders I muſt have from her,
Of high Importance to our work in hand.
Queen. Your Merit, and our Danger, Sir, command

Your

Your ſpeedy ſatisfaction: But the King
Muſt be at farther Diſtance, e're I bring
You two together. His great Jealouſie
With higheſt Caution muſt attended be.
Let us retire, and ſtudy, how we may
Make perfect your Deſign the ſafeſt Way.

Sir *W. Stanly.* Madam, you walk apace from your Diſtreſs:
Deſigns well modell'd ſeldom want ſucceſs.
The Fooliſh Crowd, who outſides only view,
Give that to Fortune, which is Wiſdom's due. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Mrs. Stanly, and Charlot.

Char. He robs her both of Crown, and Libertie!
Can he the Gaoler of his Miſtreſs be?
To promiſe Love, and thus to break his Vow,
Is all the Treaſon that a King can do.

Mrs. Stanly. He, like the worſt of Thieves means farther ill;
For Tyrants after robbing always kill.
The Sacrilegious Monſter will devour
The Saint, whom he ſo lately did adore.

Char. Avert it powerful Heaven! ſuch Cruelty
Muſt not live long, nor ſo much Vertue dye.
Her glorious Champion now draws neer, and he
Killing the Gaoler will the Priſ'ner free.
And, Madam, to divert the painful thought
Of her Reſtraint, I have ſome muſick brought:
Muſick I know, will not ungrateful be
To her, whoſe Soul is perfect Harmony.

Mrs. Stanly. In this you will our Princeſs highly pleaſe;
And at this diſtance ſhe can hear with Eaſe.

SONG.

I.

TYrant, thou seek'st in vain
With her pure Blood thy guilty Sword to stain:
Heaven does that Sacred Blood design
To be the Source of an Immortal Line.
Death will not dare to touch that Heart,
Which Love has chosen for his Dart.

Chorus. *Fair Innocence and Beauty are*
Of watchful Heaven the chiefest care:
But the devouring Monster shall
A Sacrifice to Justice fall.

II.

Richmond *does flye to your Redress;*
(Love's Messengers can do no less.)
His Sword shall with one Blow
Cut off your Fetters and the Tyrant too.
All Resistance vain will prove
When Valour is inspir'd by Love.

Chorus. *Tyrant's by Heaven and Earth are curst;*
They swell with Blood untill they burst:
But Lovers are wise Nature's care;
What Tyrants ruine they repair.

Charlot. This will the trouble of her thoughts allay:
'Tis time to give attendance; let's away. *Exeunt.*

SCEN.

SCEN. V.

[*The Scene changeth to the Earl of* Richmond's *Quarters.*]

Enter Earl of Richmond, *Earl of* Oxford, *Lord* Chandew, *and Officers, &c.*

Richmond. My Lords, the World must now be taught by you
What a good Cause, and a good Sword can do.
When Valour leagu'd with Justice goes to fight,
Both Heaven, and Earth their Forces then unite:
Such Union can no more resisted be,
Then Men can save themselves from Destinie.
The odds of number on the Tyrant's side
Are but the Signs which shew his Fear and Pride.
They are the fairer Mark: Usurpers must
In multitude of Guards repose their trust.
But, whilst with numbers they their Camp o'recharge,
They but our Fame and Booty more enlarge.
Oxford. When we engage with such a guilty Foe,
Heaven's Justice adds more weight to every blow.
We only to their swift Destruction move,
Who are condemn'd already from above.
Chandew. The Plains of *Redmore* seem to be the place,
Where our Just Valuor must the Guilty face;
Where Conquest will a noble Harvest yield,
And turn to Groves of Laurel *Bosworth* Field.
Oxford. 'Tis true we deal with a destructive Foe,
(The neerest of his Blood have found him so)
But his pernicious Hands more practis'd are
In private Murthers then in open War.
Chandew. Each common Souldier makes the cause his own,
As if none were concern'd but he alone.
But 'tis not strange to see the Souldier fir'd
To such a Height, when by your Flame inspir'd.
Richmond. My Lords, I to your courteous Praise agree;
They may be high, because you heightn'd me.

The Prior of *Litchfield*, Sir, is lighted here, *Enter Souldier.*
And humbly craves the favour of your Ear.

Oxford. 'Tis he you sent for, Sir; whose Name is high
For Learning, Pious Life, and Prophecy.

Richmond. Those Leaders most shall prosper, who advise
With Heaven e're they begin their Enterprise. [*Exeunt Oxford, and Chandew.*

SCEN. VI.

Earl of Richmond, *Prior of* Litchfield.

Richmond. Excuse me, Father; for I think it rude
To call you to a Camp from Solitude.
I am inform'd, that you to private ears
Foretold Events, which cur'd my Partie's fears
Your Power with Heaven is such, as may obtain
What otherwise I should despair to gain.
This, Father, is the cause of my address.

Prior. Then, Sir, thank Heaven; for you shall have success.

Richmond. Now I believe, the publick voice is true,
Which does ascribe Prophetick Force to you.

Prior. That Light dwells not in Sinners: I should be
Charg'd with the worst of Crimes, Hypocrisie,
If I pretended to that holy Fire,
Which does the cleaner Hearts of Saints inspire.
But 'mongst the Records of our Priory
Th' Authentick works of the wise *Gildas* lye;
Whose holy Life, and whose Prophetick Fire,
The Ages past with rev'rence did admire.
In his large Volume I shall only trace
What does concern your Person, and your Race.

Richmond. The Authours Value heighten'd by your Praise
Does expectation to assurance raise.

Prior. First he runs o're the Conquests of this Land
By *Saxons*, *Danes*, and by a *Norman* hand:
Then mentions the two Roses; and in brief
Foretels th' Event of that Intestine Strife,
Which has the noblest Blood of *England* cost,

And

And the best Provinces of *France* has lost.
Our Authour next upon the present state
Of our own times more largeely does dilate:
And says the fury of a Savage Boar
Shall his own Blood, and then this Land devour.
Then he describes the Man (and you are he)
Who must redeem this Realm from Tyrannie;
Who after Conquest shall by force of Love
More then by War, our happiness improve.
For peaceful *England* shall the Roses find
No more in battel, but in marriage joyn'd.
Richmond. What can be more? shall I succesful prove
In all my hopes of Empire, and of Love?
Prior. Sir, much remains behind; your Race shall do
Things yet more worthy of themselves & you;
They shall an Union make of louder Fame,
And of two Kingdoms one great Empire frame.
But after this a Tempest does succeed,
Which Hell shall with contagious Vapours feed;
This Tempest will produce a deed so black,
That Murther then shall an example lack.
But from this dark Eclipse a Prince will rise,
Who shall all Vertues of your Race comprise.
Forein, and Native Foes he shall o'recome,
With force abroad, with lenity at home.
Though in our sep'rate World, this happy Land,
The center of his Power will fixed stand,
Yet here the wild Circumf'rence must not end,
But with the Ocean joyntly shall extend.
Let Envious and ungrateful Nations joyn
His Birth-right to usurp, or to confine;
When they invade his Empire on the Main,
They will but act the Gyants War again:
And when his Sea-Dominions they dispute,
His Thunder shall those Sons of Earth confute.
Richmond. These great and glorious things whilst you recite,
You fill my Soul with Wonder, and Delight. [*Enter Souldier.*
Your Scouts, Sir, are return'd, and bring you word,

That

That the Usurper's men have past the Ford.
Richmond. There's for thy News: I wish th' Alarm true.
Father, we now must part; yet we'l pursue
The same great end, though in a diff'rent way;
For I must go to fight, and you to pray. [*Exit Prior.*
[*Enter Oxford and Chandew.*

SCEN. VII.

Richmond, Oxford, Chandew.

Oxford. We both have view'd the Foe within our ken;
And we are certain they are *Stanly's* men.
Their Number's not five thousand; and their Post
Is not so fixt, but that it may be lost.
Sir, we may force their Quarters; and on these
Begin the Number of your Victories.
Richmond. No, my dear *Oxford*: Those, whom now you see,
Must be unseen, and need not conquer'd be,
For they are ours already. But this must
A Secret be for yours, and *Chandew's* Trust.
From their so neer advancing you may learn,
That the next Sun will end our great Concern.
My Lords, we have but little time to spare;
Our Arms and men we must with speed prepare.
Oxford. With Joy your Orders we shall all obey:
Our zeal to serve you suffers by Delay. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Scene is Changed to the Princess Lodging.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCEN. PRIMA.

Enter Sir *Will. Stanly, Mrs. Stanly, L. Srtange.*

Sir Will. Stanly Nephew, pray leave us: If the Guards should see
Our close Converse, we should suspected be.

L. Strange. I am the Witty Tyrant's Cruel ſport;
Fetter'd in Silk, condemn'd to be at Court. [*Exit Strange*
Sir *William Stanly.* Siſter, pray tell the Queen, by her Command
That I wait here to kiſs the Princeſs hand.
Mrs. Stanly. If you reveal your madneſs, you will loſe
The glory of that Reſcue you propoſe;
For ſuch a daring Lover ſhe'l deſpiſe
More then ſhe hates her rudeſt Enemies.
Sir *William. Stanly.* So far my ſenſe with your advice accords,
That I'le ſhew Deeds more daring then my Words.
Pray, go. O Coward Heart! ſhall ſudden fear [*Exit Mrs. Stanly.*
Poſſeſs my Breaſt, that was a Stranger there?
Muſt I now tremble at a Woman's ſight,
Who was not born for Terour but Delight?
Thus Natures Law is by Love's Power control'd,
Which men diſheartens, and makes Women Bold.
[*Enter Princeſs.*

SCEN. II.

Princeſs, Sir William Stanly.

Mrs. Stanly. Madam I humbly beg, that I may have
Leave to expoſe my Life your Life to ſave.
My Zeal has long lain ſpeechleſs, though not weak;
And 'tis your Danger now that makes it ſpeak.
Prin. Sir by the Queen's Advertiſement I learn
How great a ſenſe you have in my Concern.
You have a Brother too, whoſe Conſtant Love
By many ſecret Tryals I approve:
And, though Court-Favours on his Perſon ſhine,
His Outſide is the King's, his Inſide mine.
Sir *W. Stanly.* 'Tis my Misfortune, Madam, that I muſt
More, then my own, to others Merit truſt:
And yet ere long I may deſerve your Ear
Without the help of an Interpreter:
I in your Favour ſhould to none ſubmit,
If more then all the World I merit it.

I hope, if I relieve your present state,
You will my Love by my Performance rate.
Prin. Your Language too mysterious is; more plain
Expressions sooner will my credit gain.
In your pretended Love you must not vye
With those, who wish me well by Natures tye.
Sir Will. Stanly. Madam, There is a Love which does out go
All that of Sisters, and of Mothers too.
Prin. Hold, Sir; these aiery Notions pray forbear:
For I am deaf to what I should not hear.
Give me no Cause to make a Foe of him,
Whose Friendship to my House I would esteem:
For I the Tyrant's Rag shall more approve,
Then the rude Boldness of a Subject's Love.
Sir W. Stanly. So far from us below you are remov'd,
As makes you be to be ador'd, not lov'd;
Yet from such Love, as does Heaven's Favour gain,
I need not, Madam, as from Sin, abstain:
If Heavenly objects you resemble most,
Can Heaven be gain'd, and you the same way lost?
Prin. Hold, Sir; This vain Discourse does ill become
Her, who is newly summon'd to her Tomb.
Sir W. Stanly. Madam, those Summons you shall ne're obey;
I, or the Tyrant first shall lead the Way:
Your Death design'd shall forfeit him his Crown;
The Grave he digs for you shall be his own.
Prin. What sure Foundation, Sir, can I descry
Of this bold Promise, which you raise so high?
Sir W. Stanly. Foundations, Madam, are laid under Ground;
And mine, though not expos'd to View, are sound.
By painful Flattery, and by long Address,
I to the Tyrant's Bosom have Access:
And Death by Steel or Poyson is his Due,
Who forms a black Design to murther you.
Prin. Those Southern Arts to stab, or poyson Foes,
Become the Climates, where such Poyson grows:
He that is born of a true *English* Race,
Never destroys a foe, but to his face.

Sir,

Sir *William Stanly.* But, Madam, can you give your Life away;
And to the Tyrant be a willing Prey?
Prin. To see him fairly kill'd, I would resign
All Right to what he holds, and should be mine.
Sir Will. Stanly. Verst in the World, but yet not knowing you;
Madam, I ne're till now, true Honour knew:
I am your Convert; and so taught, I may
Ere long to perfect Glory find the way.
And, Madam, for a tryal, I this Vow
Here solemnly declare to Heaven, and you;
The Tyrant shall be slain, and you releast
Nobly by him, whom, Madam, you love best.
In the Suns Eye, and in the open Field
Fierce *Richard* shall by *Richmond's* Sword be kill'd.
You, Honour's Mistress, when this Work is done,
Without Reproch your Proselyte may own.
Prin. I fear, you take great pleasure to surprise
My thoughts with Riddles, and dark Prophecies:
I shall refer my Faith to their Event;
Now my last hours must otherwise be spent. [*Exit Princess.*
Sir *Will. Stanly.* As Chymists vex themselves, and Nature too,
When her Elixir they in vain pursue;
And yet their toyl does other Secrets find;
Which improve Art, and benefit Mankind;
So, though a hidden Love I seek in vain,
Yet in the Pursuit I shall Glory gain. [*Exit.*

The Scene is changed to a Field adjoyning to Richmond's *Quarters,*

SCEN. III.

Enter Earl of Richmond, *Lord* Stanly.

Richmond. Talk not of Victory; Heaven can confer
No Blessing on that Man, who loseth Her.
L. Stanly. I know, the Tyrant, when all hopes are past,
Reserves that bloody Stroke for the last Cast:
Surprise him with a Charge; that may prevent

The Exetution of his dire Intent.
Richmond. Could I deſtroy with the ſame eaſe and ſpeed
Him, and his Camp, as he can make her bleed,
Your Counſel then were good: But elſe her Fate
By my Attach I ſhould accelerate:
The bloody Tyrant, ſtung with Jealouſie,
Will, preſt by Danger, twice revenged be,
Including me in Her: He cannot chuſe,
But haſtily deſtroy what he muſt loſe.
L. Stanly. It ſtill has been the Care of Providence
From ſudden ſtrokes to ſhelter Innocence.
Richmond. I Providence adore: But to expect
A Miracle, and ſo the means neglect,
When now the Danger of her Life is near,
Were to deſerve the miſchief, which we fear.
L. Stanly. No way, but Conqueſt, can prevent her Doom.
Richmond. I'le yield my ſelf a Priſ'ner in her Room.
L. Stanly. Can the Reſtraint of her Preſerver be
The ſafeſt way to ſet the Priſ'ner free?
Richmond. 'Tis all the way; becauſe the Tyrant's Fear
Of *Richmond* makes his Cruelty to Her:
When I am in his gripe, his Appetite
Will in my Blood, more, then in hers, delight.
L. Stanly. Sir you miſtake him; both will pleaſe him beſt:
By drinking Blood the Thirſt is ſtill increaſt.
Sir, your important Life you freely may
Lay out for her; but throw it not away.
Richmond. I am reſolv'd, that ſecretly to night
You ſhall convey me to the Princeſs ſight.
Stanly. Shall I conduct you, where you Death muſt meet?
Here let me rather periſh at your Feet!
Richmond. O friend! my Love in this great Exigent
Muſt Dangers ſeek, which yours would fain prevent.
Nor can thoſe Dangers be avoided here;
My Life and Safety are confin'd in her.
Come, guide me to the Princeſs that I may,
If not ſecure her Life, her Death delay:
And be aſſur'd, my Lord, that her Commands

With your Advice ſhall wholly guide my hands.

L. Stanly. Sir, I both yours, & her Diſcretion know;
And on your Terms propos'd I yield to go:
But this great Enterpriſe you muſt diſguiſe
As well to your beſt Friends, as Enemies;
For, ſhould it be divulg'd, your Abſence here
May prove as fatal, as your Preſence there.

Richmond. Take me, my Lord, and rule me, as you pleaſe.
You (unſuſpected yet) may gain with eaſe
Admiſſion to the Tyrant's Court; and I
May paſs, helpt by the Night's Obſcurity,
And a long Abſence, for your Officer.
Beſides; my Lord, our Camps now joyn ſo neer,
That our Return may both prevent the Day,
And all Reports of being gone away.

L. Stanly. Reaſon & Love, when Danger they deſcry,
Did never yet make uſe of the ſame Eye:
For now this Hazard, which your ſoaring Love
Leſſens to nothing, does my Horrour move.
But, ſince it is my Duty to obey,
Let's not encreaſe your Danger by delay.

Richmond. On you my Hopes, and Happineſs relye;
You are the Ruler of my Deſtiny.

The Scene is changed to Richmond's *Quarters.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Earl of Oxford, Lord Chandew.

Oxford. Twice through our Quarters I have walk'd the Round,
And to my Wonder, have not *Richmond* found:
Can he his Perſon in a Seaſon hide,
When the next Day muſt Royalty decide?
The knowledge of his abſence from the Camp
Would all the Courage of our Army damp.
Chandew. In Common Souldiers I did never ſee

Minds ſo prepar'd for Fight, and Victorie.
Oxford. My Lord, this Land does yield a ſturdy breed,
Which, when they are well fed will freely bleed:
You *French* have queſtion'd, if they eat, or fight
With greater appetite, or more delight?
Chandew. I muſt allow, though yet a ſtranger here,
That your Clime only ſuch a Race does bear.
French courage is to Noble Blood confin'd;
The reſt are Slaves in Body, and in Mind.
[*Enter Officer and deliver a Meſſage. Exit.*]
Oxford. My Lord, this meſſage does encreaſe my fear;
We nothing yet can of our Gen'ral hear.
Chandew. Heaven give him ſafety; and I only crave,
He may a Conqueſt find, and I a Grave.
Oxford. By ſudden ſtarts you ſhew a ſmother'd grief:
Unvented Sorrows ſeldom find relief.
Chandew. I long have wiſht to empty in your Breaſt
A grief, which may be pity'd, not redreſt:
A grief, whoſe lenitive is ſuch a Pain,
As ſtrongeſt Nature hardly can ſuſtain:
A Daughter's Death is all the Favour now,
That Heaven's Compaſſion can a Parent ſhew.
Oxford. What moſt you love, you hope and wiſh to loſe:
What ſadder Object can your Fears propoſe?
Chandew. Here you the height of my affliction ſee;
I hope her Death, I fear her Infamie.
Oxford. Your Grief concludes too faſt; you cannot know,
But that ſhe's ſafe in Life, and Honour too.
Chandew. My Lord, when I have told my Story out,
I ſhall too eaſily remove the doubt.
That Daughter, who did once make all my Joy,
And all my happineſs does now deſtroy,
Did ſo forſake me in a Fatal Night,
That ſhe twelve Moons has waſted out of ſight:
And this with Horrour does my Grief renew,
For, if by force ſurpris'd, ſhe's murther'd too.
If not; I dread an uncompell'd Eſcape
More, then the miſchief of a bloody Rape.

Oxford. In this ſad ſtory I confeſs, there are
Juſt grounds of fear, but not of your deſpair:
Thoſe motives wch. induc'd her to withdraw,
Perhaps may do no wrong to Honour's Law:
For, if ſhe lives, ſhe does a Mind derive
From you, which cannot loſs of Fame ſurvive.
Chandew. Your Friendſhip puts a favourable Gloſs
On actions, which imply her Honour's loſs.
But in this ſtrait of Time I will forbear
To make you longer a Joynt-ſufferer.
Oxford The Night does waſt; and to the publick Eye
'Tis fit our General's abſence we ſupply. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

[*The Scene is changed to the King's quarters.*]

Enter King, L Lovel Sir William Caterby.

Catesby. Miles Forreſt is his Name; a fellow ſtout,
And yet ſo dull, he never felt a doubt;
Nor queſtions deeds ill reliſht by the Laws:
He weighs reward, but meaſures not the Cauſe.
'Twas he, Sir, who out-went your ſwift commands,
When the two Brothers fell by his bold hands.
King. I, that's a Friend. Go, *Catesby*, call him in. [*Exit Catesby.*
My Juſtice on the Princeſs muſt begin:
Her favour'd Int'reſt has a double ſting;
For ſhe can make, and can unmake a King. [*Enter Catesby, and Forreſt.*
O fellow-Souldier, welcome! Nay, come near:
What Office in our Army do you bear?
Forreſt. I am Lieutenant to Lord *Lovel's* Troop.
Catesby. He does by more then common ſervice hope,
That he already has your Favour won,
And merits to do more by what is done.
King. Employment, and Reward he ſhall not miſs;
The firſt old Company that that falls, is his.
And that his preſent wants I may relieve,
Catesby, let him two hundred Marks receive.

Forreſt. An't pleaſe you, I can't talk, but I can do;
I can ſpur on through good, and bad ways too.
King. I like him; he's a blunt, plain, honeſt man.
Catesby. Sir, he'l talk little, but do all he can.
King. Catesby, I ſhall employ him in a deed,
Wherein he'l ſhew, he's hearty by his ſpeed.
Neceſſity of State will not allow
Leiſure for Scruples, which from Conſcience grow:
Who follow Conſcience, often come too late.
Forreſt. Sir, as to good or bad look you to that.
King Well ſpoken: go, and from our *Catesby* be
Inſtructed; your reward expect from me. [*Exit Forreſt.*
Lovel. Sir, with your Perſon's ſafety can no way
Be found, this Execution to delay:
Her bleeding, when in publick underſtood,
Will cauſe a Fever in the Peoples Blood.
King. If I prevail, I am above the harms
Of ſudden Tumults, or inteſtine arms.
If I am loſt, *Richmond* my Throne may have;
But he ſhall find his Miſtreſs in her Grave.
Lovel. Your Strength ſo far tranſcends your Enemies,
That ſuch precautions you may well deſpiſe. [*Enter L. Stanly.*
King. My Lord, I am tranſported with your ſight.
L. Stanly. Your Souldiers now want but the morning's light
To charge the Enemy, who, paſt retreat,
Are opportunely lodg'd for a defeat.
I come, led by my Duty, and my Care,
For your laſt Orders in this great affair.
King. Our Council's call'd, and ſuddenly will ſit;
You ſhall receive your Orders, when we meet.
L. Stanly. Sir, in theſe Quarters I am much ſurpris'd,
Hearing the Princeſs is ſo ill adviſ'd:
I had the honour once of her eſteem;
And now would fain ſerve you, and her redeem.
Be pleas'd to grant me free acceſs, to try
How far I may induce her to comply.
King. After ſo many tryals, your Succeſs
I queſtion; but I yield to your addreſs.

L. Stanly.

L. Stanly. Sir, though I loſe my Pains, I'le loſe no time. [*Exit L. Stanly.*]

King. Is not that Subject guilty of a Crime
Deſerving Death, who makes his Prince affraid?

Catesby. It is the worſt high Treaſon to invade
The chiefeſt Right belonging to the Throne:
All ſhould a Monarch fear, but he fear none.

King. Catesby, I muſt on your great Care relye,
That this young Son may not eſcape your Eye.

Catesby. Sir, he is ſtrictly watch'd. *King.* When we decide
The Field, he in theſe Quarters muſt abide:
If with the Father we ſhould truſt the Son
In open Battel, we ſhould Hazard run.

L. Lovel. You make your Creatures uſeleſs, when your Care
Acts all the painful Buſines of the War.

King. Mark theſe: the ſtubborn Princeſs, when I ſend. *To Catesby.*
The King ſhews two Rings to Catesby.
This Ruby, muſt her Life's ſhort ſtory end,
And this when you receive, young *Strange* muſt dye.

Catesby. When you command, my Duty muſt comply.

King. I came not lazily to wear the Crown,
But 'twas with watchful labour made my own;
And ſo I'le keep it. Princeſs are not wiſe,
Who ſleep themſelves, and truſt their Servants Eyes.
But, if at laſt I muſt my Power reſign,
It ſhall be Fortunes Errour, and not mine.

L. Lovel. Where ſo much ſtrength, and Conduct joyn in one;
Fortune is but an idle looker on.

The Scene is changed to the Princeſs Lodging.

SCEN. VI.

Enter Princeſs, Mrs. Stanly, Charlot.

Prin. When I am dead, let noble *Richmond* know,
That dying I did court the Tyrant's Blow:
To keep my Faith, my Perſon is deſtroy'd;
I by a Grave the Tyrant's Bed avoid.

Charlot.

Chalot. It doubly would to us your Death transfer;
If I should tell, and he this message hear:
Madam, to me it were a happier Doom,
If I might kindly perish in your Room.

Prin. To me Death's Face more dreadful did appear
Far off, then now, when it approacheth neer,
Death is a debt, which all to Nature pay;
They clear it best, who dye the noblest way.

Mrs. Stanly. Heaven has design'd you for a Publick Good;
Your Greatness yet lyes folded in the bud:
No Tyrant's hand shall crop it whilst it grows;
You shall ripe Glory at the full disclose.

Prin. Your Kindness now does sound like flattery;
Truth only should be spoke to those that dye.
You need not cast these mists before my eyes;
I can my Danger see without surprise.
I only grieve, that I must leave behind
A Parent grown by too much love unkind.
A Mothers Tenderness makes our contest;
She loves my Safety, I my Honour best.

SCENA VII.

Enter Earl of Richmond, L Stanly, and Officers of the Guards.

Officer. Though my Commission peremptory was,
Yet you (my Lord) upon your Word shall pass.

L. Stanly. I know a Souldier's charge; and would be bear
Without full warrant to adventure here [*Exit Officer.*

Prin. What may this vision mean, which does my eyes
At once with Horrour, and Delight surprise?
But, since the faithful *Stanly* does appear,
I cannot think him brought a Pris'ner here.

Richmond. Led by the Duty of my Love, I come
Resolving to divert, or share your Doom:

Prin. Ah! what can you divert by coming here
Disguis'd, and not an open Conquerer?
When you your Danger rashly thus encrease,

How

How can you hope to make my Sufferings leſs?
Charlot What does his cruel Paſſion mean to do?
apart.] He'l loſe himſelf, and for my Rival too!
Richmond. Let not my Hazard, Madam, waſte your care:
Can I be ſafe, when you in Danger are?
When you are gone, what have I more to do?
All Cauſe of living periſheth with you.
Prin. Weak minds may throw away their Lives in vain,
And have Recourſe to Death for fear of Pain:
If this were Courage, Women would not do it;
Thoſe, who dare leaſt, are ſtill moſt ſubject to it.
Richmond. On your account I own my want of Heart;
Her Fortune wounds me in my tend'reſt part,
All other Storms of fate my Soul could bear:
Only your Danger, Madam, makes me fear.
Prin. Is it an Honour you reſerve for me,]
To be the cauſe of your Apoſtacie
From that high Courage, which has rais'd your Fame?
You muſt not caſt ſuch Scandal on our Flame.
By your Concern for me you muſt be more,
And not be leſs, then what you were before.
Richmond. Ah! Madam, whilſt my fears you thus reprove,
You ſhew your ſelf a ſtranger grown to Love;
Your own Experience elſe had made it clear,
That Lovers Hearts are never void of fear.
Who thus are unconcern'd, act not the part
Of a Couragious, but a hard'ned Heart.
Charlot. If it be hard, 'tis only hard to me. [*apart.*
Prin. I blame not your Concern to ſet me free,
But your deſpair, which makes you thus neglect
The only Means, which can my Life protect;
For if my Danger may diverted be,
Your Conqu'ring Sword muſt force my Liberty.
Richmond. How can I draw my Sword, when I deſcry
Your fatal Ruine in my Victory?
The Monſter baited, and then Furious grown,
Will all his Rage diſcharge on you alone.
But what we cannot by a Reſcue gain,

Perhaps by an Exchange we may obtain:
The Tyrant, jealous of the Chance of War;
Will, to be ſiez'd of me, your Perſon ſpare.
I humbly beg this Favour at your Feet,
In which your Safety, and my Glory meet.
Princeſs. By ſuch a change I ſhall a loſer be;
The Ranſom over-buys my Libertie.
Whilſt you the Height of Love in this expreſs.
You teach my Gratitude to do no leſs;
Which will not let you here uſurp my Room,
Nor yield, that you ſhall rob me of my Doom.
Richmond. Has Heaven but mockt us with ſuch excellence,
Only to ſhew it, and then ſnatch it hence?
Can Providence want Power, or Will to ſave
Vertue her ſelf from the devouring Grave?
Princeſs. Take heed! your Paſſion does unruly grow
Againſt your Reaſon, and Religion too;
Sir, when you injure thoſe, you injure me:
You muſt obey, not argue Heaven's decree;
And both our loſſes with a Courage bear
Worthy of me, and of a Conquerer.
Richmond. What ſhall I do? when Heaven, and Love combine,
To make the Danger yours, the Terrour mine:
You are the Perſon hurt, and I complain;
Yours is the Wound, and mine is all the Pain.
Princeſs. Theſe ſoft expreſſions of your kindneſs might
In ſome more proper Seaſon move delight;
But they offend me now, when you ſhould be
Preparing in the Field for Victorie.
Pray, Sir depart; for you by Conqueſt muſt
With Laurel crown my Temples, or my Duſt.
Richmond. If this perfection (Heaven!) ſo like your own,
Muſt only fill a Tomb, and not the Throne;
How will our Faith ſubſiſt, how ſhall we know,
That thoſe above have thoughts of us below?
Princeſs. When you expect a Favour, 'tis not juſt,
Nor ſafe, that you the giver ſhould miſtruſt.
Let my example now inſtruct you mind;

Be much reſolv'd, and yet as much reſign'd.
So Heaven preſerve you, Sir! my Preſence may
Perhaps be guilty of your longer ſtay. [*Exit Princeſs.*
L. Stanly. The Princeſs is retir'd; pray, Sir, make haſte;
The Night's your ſhelter, and begins to waſte.
Richmond. My Lord, I go: only a word from thee,
My faithful Boy, which may my Cordial be. [*To Charlot.*
Say; does our Miſtreſs with an open Ear,
When thou doſt ſpeak for me, thy pleading hear?
And yet alas! What eaſe will it impart,
To loſe her Perſon, and to gain her Heart?
Charlot. Your Highneſs now may well theſe queſtions ſpare,
Since her own Words did all her Thoughts declare. [*Enter Mrs.*
Mrs. Stan. Pray, Sir, depart; the Princeſs fears your ſtay. *Stan.*
Richmond. O! who from Heaven, and Her would haſt away?
Exeunt.

SCEN. VIII.

[*The Scene is changed to the Kings Lodging.*]
[*The Curtain is let down.*]

Enter Catesby and Ratclife at one of the Doors before the Curtain.

Catesby. You waited the firſt Watch; did the King reſt?
Ratchlife. His Boſom lodgeth an unquiet Gueſt.
Catesby. During the ſecond watch, I tended him;
He often walk'd in Sleep, guided by Dream.
Enter Lovel *at the other Door before the Curtain.*
Who are you? Stand: this is forbidden Ground.
Lovel. A friend, *Lovel. Ratclife.* O! he has walk'd the Round.
Lovel. Ratclife, I left the King much diſcompos'd.
His Mind ſtill waking, though his Eyes were clos'd.
How is he now? *Ratclife.* He ſtarts; then calls on thoſe,
Who with more quiet in their Graves repoſe:
This, when I watcht, I did with Horrour ſee.
Lovel. This does with what I ſaw too well agree.
When he ſleeps beſt his cares ſeem all awake:
Ill-boding Fate does theſe diſquiets make!

Catesby. He dreams; is that so strange? you seem to me
By your Concern to dream as much, as he.
Can his crude Fumes of ill concocted meat
Such Womens Fears in men of Arms beget?
These apprehensions misbecome that Night,
Whose following Day must be employ'd in Fight.
Lovel. Your Admonitions, Sir, you may forbear;
Our care is more, then yours, but not our Fear.
He cry'd, Prince *Edward's* kill'd; then he did grone
For the like Murther on the Father done.
Then mention'd *Clarence*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*,
And call'd them his Ambitions bloody Prey.
Next his late Queen, *Hastings*, and *Buckingham*,
And last of all he did his Nephews name.
Then he awak'd, and starting from his Couch,
Bade me depart, and not till call'd, approach.
Catesby. My Lord, this only shews his Active Mind,
Which with his outward Parts Sleep cannot blind.
His Restlesness does all our Quiet bring:
Happie are Subjects of a watchful King!
Lovel. Perhaps such Dreams may not deserve our Fears;
Yet Dreams sometimes are Fates ill Messengers.
But Midnight is now past; and Nature may
Need rest to bear the Labour of the Day.

SCENA IX.

The Curtain is opened. The King appears in a distracted posture, newly risen from his Bed walking in his Dream with a dagger in his hand, surrounded by the Ghosts of those whom he had formerly killed.

King. Forrest! Rogue, Traitour! can thy Coward hands
Tremble, and faulter, when thy King commands?
They are not dead; they walk, they threaten me:
Dispatch; Kill them again, or I'le kill thee.
Varlet, make haste; Go poyson, strangle, drown
My Brother, Nephews, Wife, to save my Crown.

Small

Small Victims may leſs Deities become;
To Soveraign Power belongs a Hecatome.
My Breath ſhall raiſe a Storm, my Hand a Flood,
And make this Iſle float in a Sea of Blood.
Hah! Ghoſts? there are no Ghoſts, nor ever were,
But in the Tales of Prieſts, or Womens Fear.
If you be Ghoſts, to your dark Manſions go:
If you be Ghoſts, 'twas I that made you ſo.
I of your Subſtance theſe pale Nothings made;
How dare you then your Conquerour invade?
Go home, dark Vagabonds! muſt I not have
Reſt in my Bed, nor you Reſt in your Grave?
What Magick can Night-Vapours thus condenſe
To Forms, which cheat, and terrifie the Senſe?
Saint *Henry*! get thee hence to thy cold Bed,
So tame, alive? ſo fierce, now thou art Dead?
A holy King did not the Throne become;
Thy Godlineſs prepar'd thee for a Tomb.
I did from *Tewksbery* diſpatch thy Heir,
In the next World to be thy Harbinger:
Would you have ſtaid behind, when he was gone?
A Father ought not to out-live his Son.
Hah! Brother? Wife? ſtand off! no tyes of Blood
Are by aſpiring Monarchs underſtood:
They to ſecure my Crown did Life reſign;
She in a Cup, he in a Butt of Wine.
Peace, Conſcience! I long ſince have conquer'd thee:
Yet ſtill thou art diſpos'd to Mutinie
Oft have I par'd thy Branches; but thy Root
Does lye ſo deep, I cannot tear it out.
Of Soveraign Power it is the only Curſe,
To be Succesful, and then feel Remorſe.

The Curtain falls.

ACTUS

ACTUS V.

SCEN. PRIMA.

Enter L. Stanly, Sir Will. Stanly, Servant.

L. Stanly O Tyrant Honour! why doſt thou impoſe
A Law, which that of Nature overthrows?
Heaven does my vertue too ſeverely try,
When to ſave others, my own Son moſt dye.
Sir William Stanly. For common ſervice common Minds ſuffice;
Heaven tryes the Great by great Extremities.
Honour's hard Tasks are only fit for you;
Who muſt ſubdue your Foes, and Nature too.
L. Stanly: Brother, I know the Duty, which my Blood
To Nature, and to Honour muſt make good:
And in their Civil War I ſhall not make
A long diſpute, which ſide I ought to take:
Nor ſhall my Sorrows their juſt Bounds exceed;
I'le grieve for Nature, but for Honour bleed.
Sir W. Stan. The ſame high Thoughts you to your Son transfer;
In whoſe green age ripe Honour does appear.
His Courage does the Tyrant's Rage defie;
All his Fear is, leſt he ſhould tamely die:
And when he muſt receive the Fatal Blow,
He would his Volour, not his Patience ſhow.
L Stanly. He muſt no Actor, but a Sufferer be;
And quietly ſubmit to Heaven's decree.
Sir W. Stanly. His generous thoughts a high attempt contrive,
Which after Death may keep his Fame alive;
For he would give the World, when he muſt dye,
Exemplar Courage for a Legacy.
L. Stanly. Alas! we can expect no great Succeſs
From his weak Age, and from his Conduct leſs.
Sir W. Stanly. He has not weakly laid his great Deſign,
For, when the Armies ſhall in Battel joyn,

The

The Field will drain the Quarters; and then he
Hopes, that his Sword may set the Princess free:
For the remaining Guards will be intent
On their own safety and the War's Event.
L. Stanly. That Enterprise will need a stronger Hand
And Head then his, to act, and give command.
Sir Will. Stanly. I with a Party in disguise have sent
A Leader, who his rashness may prevent.
L Stanly. May he succeed! but Brother, now with care
We must our bus'ness in the Field prepare.
Sir William Stanly. Your Army I have plac'd in such a Line,
That they with either Camp may eas'ly joyn;
And to amuse the Tyrant from that side
Where *Richmond* lyes, strong Trenches both divide.
L. Stanly. 'Tis well design'd: For, if we should declare
By early Deeds what our Intentions are,
Before the Fight to heat, and tumult grows,
We rashly should our dearest Pledges lose.
Sir W. Stanly. This is most true. *L. Stan.* When we engage, your Wing
Must to our *Richmond* timely Succour bring.
Sir Will. Stanly. The Tyrant's Batteries are all pointed there.
L. Stanly. And I will charge brave *Norfolk* in the Reer.
Sir Will. Stanly. I shall your Orders punctually obey.
L. Stan. Our Army wants our presence; lets away. [*Ex. L Stan.*
S. W. Stan. Where are those Arms? *Ser.* Here Sir. *S. W. Stan.* without delay
Those to my Tent, this to young *Strange* convey.
Delivers a Letter. *Ex. Ser.*
Richmond! In happy Love thou conquer'st me,
But I in Glory will out-rival thee:
Drest in thy Shape I will thy Mistress woo,
And, whilst I court thy danger, court her too.
Strange Charm of Love! Must I my Life employ
For him who does my Happiness destroy?
I only am unjust, Poor *Strange*! to thee;
For all thy Danger should belong to me:
And yet a nobler Cause cannot engage
Thy blooming Valour at thy tender Age.
He is most happy, who her Love abtains,

But he, who dyes for her, more Glory gains.

[*Exit Sir W. Stanly.*

SCEN. II.

[*The Scene is changed to the Princeſs Lodgings.*]

Enter Charlot.

Charlot. If my great Rival dye, why from her Grave
May not my Love a Reſurrection have?
No, no! Him, whom I love I ſo will ſerve,
That what I can't enjoy, I may deſerve.
For him none ſhould do more, nor more endure;
I'le loſe my ſelf, my Rival to ſecure.
Enter *Princeſs*. *Charlot*, farewel: my Guards now ſurly grow,
And nearer wait, which Death's approach does ſhow.
Charlot. Madam, you muſt not dye; For yet we may
The Tyrant's haſty Cruelties delay.
Let us exchange our habits; In your room
I'le plant my ſelf, and intercept your doom.
Princeſs. Ah Boy! how ſtrange a Love doſt thou expreſs?
I'le never ruine thee by my releaſe.
Charlot. Madam, I charge you by the powerful Name
Of your great Lover, and your mutual Flame,
To take my Life's Oblation, and allow,
What I to you, and to your *Richmond* vow.
I am reſolv'd, though you my Suit deny,
Not to out-live the Minute when you dye.
And, ſince I this have vow'd, let me not ſpend
My Life vain, which may your Life defend.
Undreſs you, Madam, and prepare to flye.
Princeſs. Fly? Your Example bids me ſtay, and dye.
Char. To eaſe the Ship in Storms, what Freight is firſt
Throne over Board, the choiceſt, or the worſt?
Princeſs. This queſtion puts a Period to our ſtrife;
It bids me Honour ſave, and loſe my Life.
Charlot. Madam, you build on a miſtaken ground;

Reaſon

Reaſon muſt Honour's darker Loves expound:
Subjects, who for their Prince themſelves undo,
In the moſt glorious way their Duty ſhew:
But Princes, in whoſe Life the Publick lives,
Should ſave what Heaven for Publick ſafety gives.
Prin. Who can the Brightneſs of thy Vertue doubt?
And when it ſhines ſo clear, would put it out?
Charlot Leſs will my Danger be then yours, when I
Am ſeis'd for you; For you, when ſeis'd, muſt dye:
But, when the Murd'reres find a ſtranger, they
Will pauſe awhile, and for new Orders ſtay.
Then the Field gain'd may make us both ſecure.
Princeſs. But, *Charlot*, in what place can I be ſure
Of ſafety, when my Shape I change for yours?
Charlot. The Neighb'ring Cloiſter will for ſome few hours
(I having newly gain'd the Abbeſs) be
Your Refuge, till your Champion ſets you free.
Princeſs. Thy Kindneſs and thy Reaſons conquer me;
And yet too much I hazard, vent'ring thee!
Charlot. Waſte not your time in ſcruples; Pray, be gone:
Our work muſt end before the Fight's begun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter L. Strange, Mrs. Stanly.

Mrs. Stanly. Nephew, your haſty Couroge I muſt chide;
[*L. Strange holds a letter open in his hand.*
This lett r now muſt all your Actions guide.
Strange. Delays encreaſe the Hazard, we would ſhun:
By ſwift Diſpatch our Danger we out-run.
Mrs. Stanly. Haſty Beginnings halt before the end.
Strange. But does the Princeſs know, what we intend?
Mrs. Stanly Should I this Enterpriſe to her diſcloſe,
She might i Honour Scruples interpoſe.
Stra ge Muſt ſhe be ſav'd againſt her own Conſent,
Leſt knowing it, ſhe ſhould the means prevent?
Mrs. Stanly. But to conceal it, is the ſafeſt way.

Think, how her Perſon you may beſt convey;
Whilſt I the Abbeſs ſpeedily prepare,
To take the Kingdom's Pledge into her Care.
And, pray, be watchful leaſt the ſearching Eye
Of *Catesby* ſhould our Enterpriſe deſcry.
The Captain, whom my Brother ſent, you muſt
With all the Conduct of this Buſ'neſs truſt.

Strange. With you the dull, and ſlow are only Wiſe;
The Phlegme of ſo much Caution I deſpiſe.

Mrs. Stan. Your own diſtemper'd Heat does judge him Cold;
For you are more too Young, then he too Old. [*Enter Captain.*

Cap. My Lord, the Armies are engag'd; and now
You may your Ardour in your Actions ſhew.
Whilſt *Stanly's* Name does in the Field afford
Originals to lengthen Fames Record,
Your growing Valour here in narrower ſpace
May living Copies of their Glory trace.

Strange. Captain, you have reſtor'd my Libertie;
And now my Freedom ſhall the Princeſs free.

Mrs. Stanly. May thy brave Courage with ſucceſs be bleſt;
Whilſt I prepare to lodge our Royal Gueſt. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

SCEN. IV.

Enter Catesby, Forreſt, Lieutenant, and *Souldiers.*

Catesby. The King has made you his great Confident;
And now your Fortune may your Hopes prevent.
When you receive the Sign, ſtrike quick, and ſure.

Forreſt. Give but the Word, and think the Deed ſecure.
The little Worm, call'd Concience, wants a ſting:
Hell may be feign'd; I'm certain of the King.
And, ſince his minde is known, what need we ſtay
For tedious Orders? *Catesby* Hold; you muſt obey
The Rules preſcrib'd? and watchfully attend,
Til I your Orders from the Army ſend, [*Exit Catesby.*

Lieutenant. Good Maſter Captain, teach your old Cam'rade
The fine new knack to be a Captain made.
None, by your Worſhip's leave, could ever ſee

Your

Your bashful Valour face an Enemie.

Forrest. My Courage by the King is known and try'd.

Lieutenant. Kings may know more then all the World beside.
You can shew Bruises of your Tavern Wars;
And turn the Ale-wifes Scratches into Scars.

Forrest. Lieutenant, you will halt in your Career,
When Neck and Heels shall feel your Officer.
Were it not for the bus'ness now in hand——

Lieutenant. You would do much! I should not idle stand.
Go, go, complain; that I may be cashier'd;
I'd rather starve, then be thus Officer'd.

Forrest. Stand. [*The Princess in* Charlot's *attire crosseth the Stage with her Handkercher before her Eyes, as if she were weeping.*]

Lieutenant. 'Tis the Lady's Page.

Forrest. Then let him pass.
Poor Rogue! he shortly will be turn'd to Grass.

Lieutenant. Must all the Princess Family disband?

Forrest. When the Tree falls, how can the Ivy stand?

A noise of Swords in the Princess Lodgings.

Swords in the Princess lodgings! quickly go,
And see how matters pass. *Lieutenant.* You must come too.
When danger calls, you send your Messenger.
A Pox on those that cannot hide their fear! [*He thrusts Forrest in before him.*

SCEN. V.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Heaven! If my Child must not your mercy find,
Let me, when she departs, not stay behind!
I can endure no more: The hand of Fate
On tir'd-out Nature layes too great a weight.

Enter Lord Strange leading Charlot in the Princess dress.

L. Strange. Now, Madam, pray look up: trust your own Eyes:
To Charlot supposed to be the Princess.
Your Servants guard you, not your Enemies.
Madam, you come in a most happy hour; *To the Queen.*
To rule her Fears we need a Mothers Power.

Queen. I wonder not, that she's amaz'd; for I

Mistrust my Sense in this Delivery.
Come, Daughter, give my Eyes the Joy to see
My dearest Captive set at liberty.

Charlot. I, Madam, who your pleasure thus obey, [*Charlot unveils.*
Am not your Daughter; she's convey'd away:
And you the means of her Escape may guess,
When you behold me in my borrow'd Dress:
As mine abus'd our Friends, so her Disguise
More happily deceiv'd our Enemies.

Queen. Her absence does my former pain repeat,
Ah! bring me to the place of her retreat.

Charlot. You'l find her at the Cloister fix't in Prayer:
Heaven, and Religion now her Guardians are.

Strange. Charlot, I little thought, I could by thee
In this bold Rescue so transcended be.
Madam, as faithful Guards, we shall attend *To the Queen.*
Your Person; and the Princess Life defend. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VI.

The Scene is changed to Bosworth Field.

Enter King, Lovel, Ratclife, and Souldiers.

Richmond's Standard taken by the King is carried in Triumph before him.

King. Behold the Traitor's Standard! here we see,
Heaven gives an earnest of full Victory

Lovel. You the great *Brandon* slew; you this have gain'd:
We owe the day, Sir, to your single hand.
No Monarch's story boasts so high a deed;
As Kings all men surpass, you Kings exceed.

Ratclife. You all the glorious marks of Conquest wear,
And greater, then your self, this day appear,
I saw stout *Cheyny* fall by your strong hand;
That sturdy Oak could not your Thunder stand.

King. Richmond was next; I had him in my Eye;
But he was shelter'd by my Victory.

Such heaps of Bodies did obſtruct my way,
That my own Conqueſts did my Conqueſt ſtay:
And *Richmond* for the ſafety of his Head
Ow'd leſs unto the Living, then the Dead. [*A charge is ſounded.*
Lovel. Hark! a freſh Charge they ſound! theſe desp'rate men
Rally their broken Force, to break again.
Enter *Souldier.* Treaſon, Sir, Treaſon! *Stanly*'s falſe Brigade
Have left your Colours, and our Men invade:
Richmond in perſon leads them on; and all,
That have oppos'd them, either flye, or fall.
King. Perfidious Slaves! *Ratcliffe*, without delay
Theſe Fatal Kings to *Catesby*'s hands convey.
I'le blaſt the Fruit of all their Victory:
Strange, and the Princeſs ſhall together dye.
Come, ſhew me *Richmond*: for I'le breake through all [*To the Sould.*
His Guards, and cruſh the Traytor with my fall. [*Exit King, &c.*
Enter King, and Sir W. Stan. *habited like* Richmond *at ſeveral doors.*
King. Ha! is it he? now Fortune, thou art kind!
Sir Will. Stanly. Enjoy your wiſh: For *Richmond* here you find.
Come, Sir, diſpatch this work the ſhorteſt way:
Our ſingle hands will beſt decide the day.
King. Agree'd: of all my Stars I ask no more!
Thou art the only Saint, whom I implore. [*kiſſing his Sword.*
They fight.
Enter *Richmond with Souldiers.*] What Viſion's this, which does abuſe my eye? *Richmond interpoſeth*
Have I a Ghoſt, that walks before I dye?
Who ere thou art (bold Champion) ſhew thy Face:
Thou doſt uſurp my Perſon, and my place.
King. The Dragon's Teeth are ſown in *Boſworth* Field,
Which does a Harveſt of arm'd *Richmonds* yield!
[*Sir William* Stanly *pulls up the Vizour of his Helmet.*
Rich. Sir William Stanly! *King.* Traytor! thy falſe heart
Shall taſte my vengeance. *Richmond.* Hold, Sir; let my part
Be acted firſt: you needs muſt know this Face:
The Shadow to the ſubſtance muſt give place.
Sir *W. Stan.* Great Sir, the Law of Arms proclaims my right;
My Sword began it, and muſt end the Fight.

Richmond.

Richmond. Not a word more; or I ſhall look on you,
As on the worſt Uſurper of the two.
King. End your contention: both employ'd ſhall be.
Rich. This Sword, and Juſtice otherwiſe decree. [*They fight.*
How great thy Fame had bin, hadſt thou been good! [*the King fals.*
Purſue the flying, but ſpare *Engliſh* Blood. [*Ex. Sould. in purſuit.*
King. Fate! art thou juſt? what Crime is laid on me,
But the reſemblance of thy Tyranny?
Since I muſt loſe my Throne, I only crave,
That nothing may be found beyond the Grave. [*dyes.*
Rich. Remove the Corps. Heaven, thou art juſt, and good!
So Tyrants riſe, and ſo they fall in Blood
My gallant likeneſs you muſt now reveal
The cauſe of this extravagance of Zeal.
Sir W. Stan. Great Sir, I took your ſhape, becauſe I knew,
The Tyrant's Rage did chiefly aim at you.
My Loyal care made me ambitious grow
To rob you of your danger, and your Foe.
Richmond. My Perſon you in Fight ſo well became,
That what was like, I wiſh had been the ſame.
Enter *Oxford.* Sir, all the buſineſs of the War is done:
The Living and the Dead your Conqueſt own:
The yielding Foe makes uſeleſs all our Swords,
And for your Mercy only work affords.
Richmond. My Lord, when we are Duſt, our Race will know,
How much this Day I to your Conduct owe:
The Name of *Vere* to me, and mine ſhall be
As high in Honour, as in Loyaltie. [*Enter Lord* Stanly.
O, my dear Friend! muſt I rejoyce, or grieve
In this great Triumph? does the Princeſs live?
L. Stanly. Sir, ſhe does live; and her paſt dangers prove
The glorious Marks, and Trophies of her Love:
Her faithful Page has all our Zeal out-done,
And to redeem her life, expos'd his own:
My *George* his high Intentions did expreſs;
But only *Charlot*'s Courage had Succeſs.
Rich. Heaven can my Joys no farther now improve,
Since I am bleſt in Conqueſt, and in Love.

My

My faithful *Stanly*, I ſhall need your care
To proſecute the Bus'neſs of the War:
For I, my Lords, no longer can forbear
To ſee her free, whoſe glorious Chains I wear. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The Scene is changed to the Cloiſter, where the Princeſs was retired.

SCEN. VII.

Enter Lord Strange, Charlot.

L. Strange. *Charlot*, ſuch Faith, and Courage joyn'd in you
Deſerv'd to finiſh what I aim'd to do.
Charlot. My Lord, th' Event of my Deſign ſhould be
Juſtly aſcrib'd to Fortune, not to me.
Strange. Thy Modeſty does but encreaſe thy Glory,
And leaves to future Age an uſeful Story.
Charlot. What I have done deſerves no memory;
I little did, becauſe I did not dye.
And now, my Lord, it were my happieſt Lot,
If I by all the World might be forgot.
Stran. What means theſe words? Would you the world forſake,
When your brave Deed does it ſo Happy make?
Foul Crimes have made their Authours deſperate:
But can the Good, and Proſperous their Lives hate?
Your Life's my Gift: Diſpoſe not of my Due;
For, as you ſav'd the Princeſs, I ſav'd you.
Charlot. You did defeat me in my Souls chief Aim,
Of leaving Life with a reproachleſs Name.
Strange. Some hidden Myſtery lies folded here!
But hark! the glorious *Richmond* does draw neer.
[*The Trumpets ſound.*
Charlot. What ſhall I do? my ſhame will open lye [*to himſelf.*
To all the World, and to a Parent's Eye.
In theſe Extreams what can my Honour ſave?
Relieve me, Heaven! or hide me in a Grave!

SCEN.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Earl of Richmond, Oxford, Chandew, *and Attendants.*

Richmond. George, thou art now unpawn'd; thy courage shewn
To Strange.] In our Concern speaks thee a *Stanly's* Son.
My dearest Boy, rise up: thy Actions may [*To Charlot.*
Dispute with mine the Glory of the Day.
'Twould make a Monarch Bankrupt to bestow
That just Reward which to thy Faith I owe.
Chandew. What do my Eyes behold? It must be she;
To himself.] And her Disguise reveals her Infamie.
Rich. Why speak'st thou not? when all the World's become
To Charlot.] So loud in praising thee, canst thou be dumb?
Chandew. Must she needs chuse the most Conspicuous Place
Of the whole Earth, to blazon my Disgrace?
Richmond. What sudden damp does on thy spirits seise?
Chandew. Death of my Honour, and my Souls Disease!
To himself.] Thou art a Blot upon my Name, which I
Will rase out with thy Life. *Oxford.* Sir I descry
A strange transport in my Lord *Chandew* too.
Richmond. What Mysteries are these? my Lord, are you
Concern'd in that brave Youth? *Chandew.* Sir 'tis a Stray;
From my Enclosures it has broken away.——
Richmond. My Lord, be well advis'd; if you would gain
My Credit, and our former Love maintain,
Reproch him not. *Chandew.* I cannot much delight,
To bring that Creatures shame to publick sight:
But, Sir, in equal Justice you will give
To the right Owner's hands a Fugitive.
Richmond. You must not your displeasure thus express,
If you expect I shall my Claim release.
Charlot kneeling to my L. Chandew.] O, let my Death end this unkind debate!
Sir, I am yours; and have deserv'd your Hate:
Take me, and take my Life; for 'tis your due
First, as your Gift, and now by forfeit too.
Chandew. Since thou hast murder'd thy whole Family

offering

[*Offering to kill Charlot*

In their beſt Life (their Honour) thou ſhalt dye.

Rich. Hold *Chandew*, hold. What means this furious Heat?
In which you both your ſelf, and me forget.
'Tis well, your merit weighs my anger down.

Chandew. Pardon my Paſſion thus unruly grown:
It did my ſtrength of Reaſon quite ſubdue.

Rich. More, then my Pardon does belong to you.
But I am wrackt with Doubts: Riſe, Boy, and free
My tortur'd Thoughts from this Perplexitie.

Charlot. O Sir; if I muſt here my ſins confeſs,
This Poſture moſt becomes my Guiltineſs:
And I this low ſubmiſſion doubly owe
In preſence of my Prince, and Father too.

Rich. My Lord, are you his Father? *Chandew.* Sir, that Name
Turns my whole Life to Sorrow, and to Shame.

Rich. Rather to Glory, and to Happineſs;
A better Son cannot a Parent bleſs.

Oxford. Sir, I perceive, where all our Errour lyes;
Charlot ſuppos'd his Son, his Daughter is.

Rich. I am oppreſt with wonder! *Charlot*, riſe:
Whilſt thy diſputed Sex deludes our eyes,
Thou doſt to me a Guardian Angel ſeem,
Which did the Princeſs ſacred Life redeem.

SCEN. IX.

Enter Queen, Princeſs, and Attendants.

Rich. Madam, at laſt Propitious Heaven affords
Succeſs to the Endeavour of our Swords.
We at your Royal Feet our Perſons lay,
And all the mighty Trophies of the Day.

Prin. Sir, theſe Submiſſions muſt not come from you:
No Homage from a Conqu'rer can be due.
Your Laurel ſhould in Juſtice be a Crown,
For all by double Conqueſt is your own.

Rich. How gloriouſly your Servants you reward:

Princeſs. No, Sir; from that I am by Duty bar'd:
A Parent's leave muſt firſt the Gift allow,
Ere I the merited Reward beſtow.
Richmond. Sway'd by my Love to her, whom you love beſt.
To the Queen] I have unduly my Reſpects addreſt;
This, Madam, for her ſake, you'l not reprove:
All Laws of Ceremony yield to Love.
Queen. What you oblige me in, needs no Excuſe:
And, Sir, I were unjuſt, ſhould I refuſe
My vote to ſuch a Publick Happineſs.
May all the Powers above this Union bleſs!
Richmond to] I muſt with humble adoration kiſs
the Queen.] The Hand which does confer ſo high a bliſs.
To the Prin.] Now, Madam, what ſay you? *Princeſs.* I muſt obey.
Rich. Succeeding Times ſhall magnify this Day,
Whoſe Fruitful Ioys ſhall flow to diſtant Age,
And reſcue Nations from Rebellious Rage.
But, Madam, in this Publick Jubilee
Charlot's Concerns muſt not neglected be:
This Fav'rite to us both does newly find
A Noble Father in my greateſt Friend;
And (what is yet more ſtrange) that Fathers Eye
Does here a Daughter, not a Son deſcry.
Princeſs. I'm loſt in wonder: but what ere he be,
No Sex can equal his great Loyaltie.
Now *Charlot*, eaſe my mind, which longs to know
The ſecret Cauſe whence all theſe Wonders flow.
Charlot. Can any thing, but Love, ſuch wonders doe,
As have diſguis'd the Soul and Body too?
Madam, I drunk my Poyſon when my Eye
Did firſt his Image whom you love, deſcry.
I was too young to weigh, how far a bove
The level of my Birth I rais'd my love.
My wounded Heart in *Bretany* firſt bled;
And, when our Exile thence to *Paris* fled,
Leaving my Home my Parents and my ſhape
To follow him I made a bold Eſcape:
And to his Service I ſoon gain'd acceſs,

Helpt by Induſtrious Love, and this feign'd dreſs.
Princeſs. Charlot, no Hiſtory ſhall ever ſhow
So brave a Rival, and ſo kind a Foe.
Pity, and Envy both attend thy Fate;
Thou art more Generous, I more Fortunate.
Richmond. Ah, gentle *Charlot*! in a high degree
Thou haſt at once oblig'd, and puniſh'd me:
The Torment of great Minds I undergo,
Paying ſo little, where ſo much I owe.
Strange. Sir, I want Merit; but your goodneſs may
For ſervice yet to come advance my pay:
Grant me your favour in my great deſign
Of off'ring my Devotions at this Shrine.
I long have known her, and with envious Eyes
Have ſeen above my own her Vertue riſe:
But, Madam, now a double change we find; [*To Charlot.*
For your Sex alter'd has transform'd my Mind:
My Jealouſie grows Love; and what before
With Envy I beheld, I now adore.
Richmond. Thy Paſſion makes me happy; and I know,
Your Father's Judgment will this choice allow.
Her Fortune as her Birth, ſhall equal you:
Who marries her, marries our Favour too.
Chandew. I hope, that in this happy Bride,
Your ſcrup'lous Honour now is ſatisfi'd.
Chandew. Not only ſatisfi'd, but much encreaſt;
Where I unhappy was, I now am bleſt.
Charlot. How much muſt I to ſuch Indulgence owe,
As on the Guilty does Reward beſtow?
But, Sir, no Power can former Vows releaſe,
Which bar me from this proffer'd happineſs.
Ambitious Flames will ever upwards tend;
They may their Object loſe, but ne're deſcend.
Mine ſtill ſhall riſe, and in a Cloiſter chuſe
The laſting Love of an Immortal Spouſe.
Strange. Ah! leave us not: Heaven wants you leſs, then we.
Princeſs. Vertue will leave that Land, which loſeth thee.
Charlot. All Vertue ſtays, when you are left behind.
Madam, in vain you urge my ſetled Mind.

SCEN. X.

Enter L. Stanly.

L. Stanly. The Field does want you, Sir; The Souldiers call
With loud Impatience for their General.
In this days Booty they the Crown have found;
And all cry out, that *Richmond* must be crown'd.
Richmond. My Lord, they should their duty better know,
For common Hands must not the Crown bestow.
L. Stanly. High swelling Torrents you as soon may swage,
As stop the Current of their Loyal Rage.
Princess. Come, Sir, these Mutineers I long to see;
For I must joyn in the Conspiracie.
Richmond He, Madam, who to you has rais'd his aim,
To more, then Crowns, and Scepters lays a Claim.
[*Enter* Sir *William* Stanly, *bringing the Crown, with Officers and Souldiers in a Military Pomp.*]
Sir Will. Stanly. Behold the nobl'est Spoil of *Bosworth* Field!
This is the Fruit which now your Laurels yield.
Richmond. To this great Trophy, Madam, you are born,
Which by a Royal Beauty must be worn.
Princess. The Crown is yours, because in Battel found;
And, Sir, as Conquerour you must be crown'd.
Richmond. By right of Conqueſt it belongs to you;
For you did first the Conquerour subdue.
Sir Will. Stanly. Madam, pray order my obedient hand,
Which waits to place it by your high Command.
Princess. Come, Sir; you must submit to this great Weight;
[*The Princess and Sir William* Stanly *put the Crown on the Earl of* Richmond's *Head.*
The People cry, Long live King Henry *the 7.*
Impos'd by us and by the Hand of Fate.
King. Henry 7th. Since, Madam, I must yield to wear the Crown,
By this Submission I your Title owne.
I wear it as a publick Mark to shew
My Power to these, my Fealty to you.

Sir Will. Stanly. *Richard* is ſlain, *Richmond* is crown'd: and now
To the Princeſs.] I have perform'd the chiefeſt of my Vow.
I ſhall hereafter only Glory woo,
And all that Glory place in ſerving you.

Princeſs. That your great Merit recompens'd may be,
I give you all, that's undiſpos'd of me:
This ſeems a Gift, but it does ſubſtance want;
All was convey'd by a preceding Grant.

Sir William Stanly Madam, did not the fulneſs of your Joyes
The weight of my afflictions counterpoiſe,
I ſhould in all the Triumphs, which adorn
Our ſhining Conqueſt, be condemn'd to mourn.
My miſery with others Joy begins,
Loſing as much, as mighty *Richmond* wins.

Princeſs. In Honour nobly gain'd the Generous mind
Does all the Charms of Love and Empire find.

K. Hen. 7th. Were I not ſafe both in my ſelf, and Her,
Stanly, thy dang'rous merit I ſhould fear;
Yet ſuch a Rival no diſtruſt can move,
Who did uſurp my danger, not my Love.

Princeſs. His Siſter's merits too muſt be confeſt,
Whoſe Faith ſhin'd out, when I was moſt diſtreſt.

[*Enter Prior with his Companions.*

Prior. The Church with Hymns anſwers the Peoples voice:
Both Heaven and Earth at your ſucceſs rejoyce.
I have a Bleſſing from the Clergy brought,
Who pray'd with no leſs ardour than you fought.

K. Hen. 7. We ſcarce have ſubject left for farther Prayer;
Our Wiſhes by our Joyes exhauſted are.
Nor will Heaven's Bounty in our Perſons end;
On all our race theſe Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

RIchard *is dead; and now begins your Reign:*
Let not the Tyrant live in you again.
For though one Tyrant be a Nation's Curse,
Yet Commonwealths of Tyrants are much worse:
Their Name is Legion: And a Rump (*you know*)
In Cruelty all Richards *does outgo.*
First then by Acts of Grace your Power declare:
Newly install'd, all Princes gracious are;
All lesser Crimes within their Pardon *fall;*
And Poets Sins are not held Capital.
For your own sake you must some Mercy shew:
Act not the Tyrant's Part, lest we act you.
A formal Critick with his wise Grimace
Will on the Stage appear with no ill grace.
Most of that Trade in this Censorious Age
Have little of the Poet, *but his Rage:*
Perhaps old Johnson's *Gall may fill their Pen;*
But where's the Judgment and the Salt of Ben?
Yet for himself our Author does declare
All that sit here his Lawful Judges are:
For 'tis but just, that in our lawless dayes,
Since all Men write, all Men should judge of Plays.